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THE

BOOK OF TABLEAUX

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AND

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1873

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS, OR LIVING PICTURES, EMBRACING MOVING TABLEAUX, CHARADES IN TABLEAUX, MOTHER GOOSE TABLEAUX AND FAIRY-TALE TABLEAUX; TOGETHER WITH DIRECTIONS FOR ARRANGING THE STAGE, COSTUMING THE CHARACTERS, AND FORMING APPROPRIATE GROUPS.

BY SARAH ANNIE FROST,
Author of "The Parlor Stage," "Amateur Theatricals," etc.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A NUMBER OF

SHADOW ACTS AND PANTOMIMES,

WITH COMPLETE STAGE INSTRUCTIONS.

1869

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PREFACE.

THE little book of Tableaux Vivants now offered to the public, is intended to fill a want, long and loudly expressed by the amateurs who are fond of this class of amusements. The complaint is made every winter of a want of suitable subjects, or of directions how most effectively to group the performers. The old established pictures are worn threadbare, and many are not able to take the time, or command the books to search out new ones.

The writer has endeavored to give a variety of pleasing pictures, easily costumed, grouped and arranged, suited to all ages, each variety of wardrobe and scene. Those requiring elaborate costumes and scenery must be appropriated by performers who can command an amateur theatre, but there will remain an abundance for such as have only their parlors for a stage and their every-day wardrobes for costumes.

We know it is not easy to dress Queen Elizabeth and place her in a forest, at five minutes notice, but the good nature of the audience may generally be relied upon to forgive deficiencies, and the amateurs themselves will be surprised to find how a little practice will sharpen their ingenuity in the arrangement of scenes and dresses.

The second series of Tableaux, commencing on page 106, is here introduced from "The Sociable; or One Thousand

and One Home Amusements," and will be found a valuable addition to the list of subjects, as well as affording much excellent information in regard to tableaux in general.

The book concludes with full directions for producing the Shadow Pantomime, together with a few comic Acts and Pantomimes illustrating the manner in which this amusing entertainment should be arranged; also containing hints and directions for adapting humorous pieces to the requirements of the shadow curtain, all written expressly for this work by a gentleman thoroughly experienced in the subject.

A glance at the table of contents will suffice to show what a varied and ample fund of entertainment to enliven many a long winter's evening is contained in this little work.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., right of stage; L., left of stage; C., centre; R. C., right centre; L. C., left centre; as viewed by a performer on the stage, facing the audience.

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BOOK OF TABLEAUX.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

THERE is scarcely any way of passing a social evening more delightful and popular than that offered by the performers of Tableaux Vivants to their audience, but it is but rarely that amateur performers can produce as good an effect as might be had from the properties within their reach.

The first thing to be remembered is the fact that the representations are *living pictures*, and, therefore, must resemble, as closely as possible, painted pictures. To ensure this appearance, regard must be paid to artistic effect in grouping, attitude, light and color. Too much color will produce a glaring, vulgar effect; while too little will look dull and sombre. The more scenery and larger space that can be allotted to the performance the better the effect will be, but a parlor may be arranged, with but trifling expense, to represent the principal scenes required.

The first requisite is a frame, which must fit exactly the space in the front of the stage. A platform stage is not necessary, but, where it can be conveniently arranged, is much more effective. The frame of wood should be at least a foot in breadth. The front must be covered with yellow cambric, with large rosettes of yellow gauze or lace at regular intervals, to represent carved work. Over the

whole frame covering the space, that the pictures may be seen behind it, strain a piece of coarse black lace. Down the two sides of the frame, at the back, place candle brackets at regular intervals, to light your pictures. Candle light shows out color and complexion much better than gas, and you can easily soften or brighten your light by the number of candles used.

Have a curtain of blue gauze fastened to the top of the frame, that can be lowered or raised at will. Further directions for the arrangement of the room will be found in the letters, page 34, and also page 108.

The best arrangement the writer has ever seen for a parlor background is a semicircle of heavy wire, supported by strong posts at intervals, and running from one corner of the frame to the other, at the top. From this are draped folds of dark gray woolen, forming a complete background.

A few flower-pots set around made a very respectable outdoor scene, with the addition of some rustic benches and chairs, or if a garden, an arbor at the back, made of white covered sticks with a vine trailed over them.

For a prison scene, a pallet bed, stone pitcher, wooden chair, and iron chain, are all that are required for an effective scene. A farm-house scene needs only a wooden table and chairs, some shelves of crockery, a bird-cage, churn, or any other article of farm furniture that can be easily obtained.

Parlor scenes are the easiest of all, as the curtain forming background need be only pushed away to one side to allow the usual furniture to be seen.

It is a mistaken idea to crowd the stage with furniture, and where the character of the scene needs to be determined, one article in the centre will often serve the purpose as well as to put in a complete set of furniture. Thus with the plain dark background, an attic can be furnished with a table and chair; the table having a candle in a porter-bottle upon it, and the chair being minus a back. The interest of the audience will be concentrated more upon the per-

formers than the furniture. Of course, when all the scenery and furniture can be easily obtained, to give the picture a perfectly natural, familiar look, it is best to use them.

In regard to costumes, the best rule to observe is to obtain, as far as possible, a picturesque effect. Thus, a peasant's, or countryman's costume, should be that of the stage peasant or painted countryman, not the stern reality.

It is simply impossible in the limits of a book of this size to give minute directions for costuming, grouping and arranging each tableau. Much must be left to the taste and ingenuity of the performers, and the limits of their theatrical wardrobe. But each picture is so described that it can be easily filled up and arranged by experienced performers. Many are merely descriptions of pictures, that will make effective tableaux.

Those arranged expressly for children are more minutely described, but must still be under the direction of older heads.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THE scene represents the ante-room of a court-house, with benches at the two sides, but no other furniture. Centre of background is an open door-way.

Centre of room, seated upon the floor, is a woman dressed in a dark stuff gown, with a shawl over her shoulders, and a bonnet hanging by the strings around her neck. Her hair is disordered, her face excessively pallid, her eyes strained forward with a look of wild misery. Her hands are clasped over her knees. Lying upon the floor, at her feet, is a sleeping child.

Right of foreground, seated upon a bench, is an old man, with white hair, dressed like a farmer, his head bowed upon his hands. Beside him, facing audience, is a little girl of about fourteen, her eyes red with crying, who appears to be trying to rouse the old man.

Left of background, kneeling beside the open door, is a young man in a rustic dress, who appears to be listening intently, and holds up his hands, as if to silence all the others.

Right of background, a young girl, plainly dressed, is trying to listen too at the open door, but is seated, holding a sleeping infant in her arms.

Through the door-way, back to audience, a man, in the full black silk robes, and white wig, of an English lawyer, and carrying a roll of paper in his hand, can be seen.

Every face must wear a look of strained anxiety, every attitude be that of listening, excepting the old man, who seems in utter despair. The dresses are all those of the poorer class, and all out-door attire. The hats of the men lie upon the benches, and in one corner a covered basket stands, with a white cloth thrown over it. The boy asleep at his mother's feet rests his arm upon his cloak and hat.

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

THE scene is a market-place, where empty tables and over-turned chairs and stools, denote that the market is over for the day. Left of foreground, in front of an empty stall, are seated two little girls, and before them a basket full of bouquets of flowers. The elder one wears a straw hat, a dress of bright merino, and a black silk apron. She holds out a bouquet, with a pleading expression, as if imploring some one to buy it. The younger girl wears a dress of brown stuff, and a white apron. Her hair falls in loose curls, and over it is pinned a white handkerchief. She is rolling up her arms in her apron, as if to protect them from the cold, while she looks sorrowfully into the face of her companion.

Right of foreground, their backs to the children, as if they had just passed them, are a lady and gentleman in winter walking dress. He wears an overcoat, fur collar and thick gloves. She is dressed in a handsome silk dress, velvet cloak, furs and velvet bonnet.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

THE scene is a farm kitchen. Centre of room stands a table with a pitcher, tumbler and loaf of bread upon it. Beside this table is an arm-chair, in which is seated an old man dressed as a farmer. He wears heavy boots, long gaiters, corduroy pants and a brown coat. In one hand he holds a pipe, in the other a large old-fashioned silver watch. Between his knees stands a very little girl, to whose ear the watch is held. She is dressed in a bright calico dress, white apron, leather shoes and worsted stockings. Her hair falls in curls, and she is holding them back with one hand from the ear where the watch is. The other hand is held up, the forefinger raised, as if listening intently. Leaning over the chair, and smiling at the child's pleasure is a young girl, dressed as a farmer's daughter, in a neat print dress, white apron, and checked handkerchief pinned over the hair.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

THE scene is arranged to represent the interior of a tent. White drapery hangs round the background and sides, leaving the front open. In the centre is a large, upright pole, and around it are thrown kettles, cards, cloths and eating utensils in confusion. A table and chair stand left of background. In the chair is seated a man, dressed as a gipsey, with velvet breeches, silk tights, a short, velvet jacket over a white shirt, and bright vest. Upon the table is a high-crowned hat trimmed with gay ribbons. Right of foreground, seated upon the floor, profile to audience, is a young girl, dressed as a gipsey. She wears a dark cloth dress, embroidered in scarlet, a scarlet cloak, and her hair (black) falls over her shoulders, from a white head-dress twisted carelessly around her head. Upon the ground in front of her are scattered cards. She is looking up at two young girls who stand in front of her, one of whom she holds by

the hand. Her other hand is raised as if speaking with impressive gesture. The young girls stand, one facing her, profile to audience, one a little back, facing audience. The girls are dressed in short, gay petticoats, dark dresses looped up, full, white muslin waists, black velvet peasant bodices laced with scarlet, buckled shoes, clocked stockings, round straw hats, and plenty of bright ribbons. The one whose hand the gipsey holds, is looking down, bashfully, as if shyly pleased. The other one looks roguish. Right of foreground a young man in a rustic dress, straw hat and striped shirt, is lifting a corner of the tent and peeping in, while he raises one hand to attract the gipsey's attention, and shows a coin in the open palm of the other. Left of foreground, an old gray-haired gipsey woman, dressed in brown, with a gay handkerchief pinned over her head, is intently studying a pack of cards, spread out on the ground before her.

MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Right of foreground stands a spinning wheel with a chair before it; a shawl thrown carelessly over the back of chair. Left of foreground is a table, upon which are a bottle, tumbler, cocked hat and a book. Beside the table, facing audience, is a large arm-chair, in which is seated an old gentleman. He wears black velvet breeches, coat and waistcoat, long, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a gray wig. One hand holds an open book, the other is raised to express pain. One foot too is lifted from the ground. Leaning over him, holding one of his eyes wide open, and blowing into it, is a woman. She wears a white muslin cap, tied with a black ribbon, a skirt of striped woolen, short gown of calico, tied round the waist with a white apron, a small shawl pinned over the bosom, shoes trodden down at the heel, and short sleeves. Her face expresses interest; the face of the old gentleman and his attitude express agony.

THE STUPID BOOK.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of foreground, facing audience, is a large arm-chair, in which is seated a little girl, with an immense book open before her. She is dressed in white, with knots of ribbon on her shoulders, a broad sash, slippers and pantalettes. Her hair falls in curls around her face. One hand is over her forehead, while with the thumb and forefinger she is holding her eyelids open. The other hand is partly over her mouth, which is stretched wide open in a yawn. The smaller the little girl, and the bigger the book, the better the effect.

THE VALENTINE.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of foreground, profile to audience, a young lady is seated in a large easy chair. She is dressed richly, and has a shawl thrown over her shoulders. Beside her stands a small table, upon which is a work basket, with some embroidery thrown over it. The lady is leaning back, and looking smilingly upon an open valentine she holds before her. Let the device be pretty, and held that the audience may see that it is a valentine. In her other hand the lady holds a ring, which she is pressing to her lips.

Right of foreground, behind the chair, a gentleman is stealing on tiptoe toward the lady, as if anxious to see secretly how his valentine has been received.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE scene is a nursery. Centre of room is a rocking chair, in which the mother is seated, facing audience, holding a baby in a long, white nightgown in her arms. Beside her in her nightgown, kneels a very little girl, her hands clasped, as if saying her evening prayer. Right of fore-

ground is seated a little boy with one bare foot, unlacing his boot; one shoe and stocking lies beside him. Left of foreground, the nurse is kneeling down, unbottoning the dress of a little girl, who stands in front of her. Left of background is a crib. Sitting up in this, his fists screwed into his eyes as if crying, is a little boy in a nightgown and frilled nightcap. Right of background, the father is just entering the room, with a little boy riding upon his shoulder. The boy has a drum, and raises the sticks, but the father looks up to silence him, and points to the kneeling child beside the mother. The light should be very dim, and the children vary from baby to about ten years old. A cradle stands centre of background.

ONE TOO MANY.

THE scene is a parlor handsomely furnished, with a window in the background. The curtains are drawn back and the sash raised. Seated before the window, facing audience, is an old lady, in a large arm-chair. She wears a black silk dress, muslin kerchief pinned over the bosom, white cap, and spectacles. In one hand she holds a piece of knitting. The other hand is raised to hold her spectacles, so that she can look through them upon the floor. She appears to be looking intently at a letter, attached by a ribbon to a stone, which lies as if just thrown in at the window. The old lady's chair must stand forward as if out of sight of any one outside of the window. Just starting from a seat close by the window, is a young lady, who looks frightened, and reaches out her hand as if to pick up the letter, yet looks doubtfully at the old lady. She wears a handsome morning dress. Upon the window sill stands a work basket.

DRESSING THE BRIDE.

THE scene is a lady's dressing-room. Right of centre, profile to audience, is a toilet table, upon which jewelry,

ribbons, gloves, fans and flowers are scattered. A large mirror is upon this table. Centre of room, facing the mirror, the bride is standing. She wears a white lace dress, over satin, an orange-flower wreath, white satin slippers and white kid gloves. Beside her, standing upon a chair, facing audience, is a young girl, dressed as a lady's maid, who holds a rich lace veil over the bride's head. At each corner of the veil, holding it so that the centre may fall upon the head, are the four bridesmaids, who wear white, trimmed with colors, one pink, one blue, one green and one lilac. Right of foreground, handsomely dressed in evening dress, is the mother, who is wiping away a tear, unperceived by the others.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

THIS tableau can only be arranged when the stage will allow an out-door scene.

Right of foreground is a stone arch, with a basin before it, into which water appears to fall from the mouth of a lion's head in the arch. Upon the front of the arch the words "Saint Keyne" are engraved, and a figure of the saint surmounts the centre above the inscription.

Kneeling before the well, his hand raised as if carrying the water to his mouth, is a young man, dressed as a gentleman of the last century. He is looking up, as if interrupted while drinking. He wears a suit of green velvet, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, lace cravat and cocked hat.

Behind him, facing audience, are two young girls, also in the dress of the last century. One wears all white, a wreath of white roses and a bride's veil. The other is dressed coquettishly in gay colors. The bride holds up a bottle in one hand, pointing triumphantly to it with her finger. The other girl points to the gentleman as if mocking him.

In the background is seen a church, upon the steps of which stands a priest, while farmers and their wives are coming out.

For the information of those who may not have heard the

legend, the Well of St. Keyne was endowed by its patron saint with the power of giving absolute matrimonial authority to whichever of the couple drank first of its waters after the wedding. The bridegroom has hurried directly from church, to win the boon, but the bride has been beforehand and secured a bottle of the water, which she has taken to the church with her.

The tableau admits of very effective scenery and pretty costumes.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

THE scene, a farm kitchen. Right of foreground is a table upon which stands a basket heaped with cherries. Beside this table, facing audience, is a young girl dressed as a peasant girl, who is filling a boy's hat with fruit from a basket. She wears a short skirt of striped calico, which shows her feet, scarlet stockings and low buckled shoes, a white apron, white muslin waist, black silk peasant bodice, laced with scarlet, straw hat with scarlet ribbons, and gay knots of ribbon on her apron and bosom.

Centre of foreground is a young man in a picturesque country dress, striped calico shirt, white pants, bright vest and straw hat. The young girl is looking into his face and laughing.

Left of foreground, a chair, facing audience, in which is seated a boy dressed as a rustic, striped calico shirt, crimson vest, corduroy pants and heavy boots. The boy has his mouth wide open and his eyes fast shut. The young man standing centre holds a bunch of cherries over his own open mouth, and is putting a bunch of stems into the boy's mouth.

Left of background, an old woman, dressed in a dark stuff gown, small shawl pinned over her breast, white muslin cap, spectacles and mittens, is seated, profile to audience, knitting. Her face is turned to the group in foreground, and her expression is that of laughing reproof.

Right of background, a little girl in a chintz dress and white

apron is seated, facing audience, upon a low stool, shelling peas. By her side is a basket and a pile of pea-pods, while on her lap is a bowl. She also looks at group in foreground, and is evidently enjoying the joke at the boy's expense.

THE POLISH EXILES.

In this scene no furniture is required, but the background must be dark and sombre, to show the costumes of the group, standing centre of stage, facing audience.

The group consists of an old man and two young girls.

The old man stands centre, his head erect, and his eyes raised to heaven. His right hand grasps the hand of the girl at his right, who stands partly back, her head resting upon his shoulder, her left hand under her cheek. His left arm encircles the waist of the other girl, who stands a little forward, her left arm round his neck, her face buried on his bosom.

The old man has white hair and a long white beard, and is bareheaded. His trousers, made tight, are of a dull yellow, and boots of black shining leather, trimmed with fur and gold spurred, reach above the knee. His coat is of scarlet, laced with gold, and he wears over the right arm a short cloak of black velvet, edged with sable.

The girl at the right wears a dress of white satin, embroidered with gold, a long white merino cloak, bound with ermine, a white velvet ermine bound cap, and white satin boots, trimmed with ermine.

The girl at the left wears a short skirt of black satin, with rows of green velvet at the bottom; over this a pelisse of green velvet bound with sable, a square Polish cap of green velvet, trimmed with gold, green velvet boots, bound with sable.

Handsomely costumed and gracefully grouped, this tableau is very effective, and needs only the heavy background to throw the group into bold relief. The father seems imploring aid from Heaven, the daughters in despairing grief.

OLD AND YOUNG AMERICA.

THE scene is a farm kitchen. Centre of the room is a large table, upon which stands a little boy, profile to audience. He is dressed in a short white night-dress, bare-legged and bare-armed. Upon his head is a soldier cap made of newspaper, and in one hand is a toy musket. The child must be as young as can be kept motionless, pretty and well formed, with a merry, bright face. Facing him, standing erect, is and old man, as venerable as white hair and beard will make him, dressed in the full Continental uniform of the Revolution, buff and blue. He is holding a musket at "order arms," and one hand is raised in salute; the attitude erect and very stiff. The child must stand in precisely the same attitude, as if being drilled.

Left of background, facing audience is a young woman, dressed in a neat chintz, linen collar and white apron, who holds some sewing in her lap, but is looking at the child with a proud but sad air, as if memory was recalling some sorrowful thought.

Right of background is an open door, and just entering this, is a soldier, young and handsome, and wearing the full uniform of a lieutenant of the present day. His sword is buckled to his side, and in one hand he carries a carpet bag, as if just coming home. None of the others perceive him. His attitude is that of one just springing over the door-sill, but arrested by the sight of the group in the foreground. His hand is raised to dash away a tear, while he looks proudly at the little descendant of the soldierly father and grandfather.

THE POST-MISTRESS.

THE scene is a humbly-furnished parlor. To the left of foreground is a table with a gay cover, and upon this table sealed letters, newspapers and packages are piled. Beside it lies the empty mail-bag.

Behind this table, facing audience, is seated the post-mistress, dressed in a dark stuff gown, plaid shawl pinned over her breast, white muslin cap, and spectacles. She is looking up to the figure centre of foreground, and holds one forefinger over her lips as if to enjoin secrecy.

Centre of foreground, profile to audience, is a very tall, thin woman, dressed in a short, scant stuff gown, white shawl, and sun-bonnet. (If a tall, lanky, ugly boy can be persuaded to take this part, he will make it very effective; the writer has seen it so performed.) She stands on tiptoe, and is holding up a letter, which she is trying to read by pressing it apart at the edges. The letter must be folded after the old fashion, and without envelope. The address, towards audience, must be that of a young lady.

Between the post-mistress and central figure is a short, fat woman, dressed in brown chintz, white apron and sun-bonnet, who is trying to reach up to the tall woman's hand, and pull the letter down to the level of her own eyes.

Centre of background, just entering the door, is a young lady, dressed in white muslin dress and mantle, straw hat, trimmed with blue, and black lace mittens. She is springing forward with outstretched hand, to save her letter from the curious trio, her face expressing angry surprise.

The women in the foreground do not perceive her, the central one having her lips parted as if reading the contents of the letter aloud to the other two.

CHARITY.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of foreground is an old beggar man, with a crutch, dressed in ragged and dirty uniform. One leg is tied up with bandages, and held bent at the knee, as if from a wound. One arm holds his crutch, while he holds his hat extended in the other hand. He stands profile to audience.

Right of foreground, a lady stands, facing audience, with a child in her arms. The lady wears a rich morning dress,

and lace cap. The child is dressed in white. The lady looks pityingly at the old beggar, while the child, leaning forward, is dropping a coin into his hat.

HEEL AND TOE.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room, facing audience, is a large arm-chair, in which is seated an old woman. She is dressed in a black stuff gown, white cap and spectacles, small shawl pinned over the breast, and black mittens. She leans forward, both arms round a little girl, holding a stocking in front of her, in which are the knitting needles.

The little girl is dressed in a short chintz dress, leather boots, white apron, and has a ribbon twisted in her hair. She is looking intently at the stocking, which the old lady holds, as if shewing her how to place the needles.

Right of foreground stands a work basket, with some white cloth thrown carelessly over it.

Left of foreground is a low stool, and lying upon the floor beside it a doll.

CONFISCATED.

THE scene is a parlor, handsomely furnished. Centre of room is a table with a work-basket, and some embroidery work upon it. Beside the table stands a vacant chair.

Right of foreground is a group of doll's playthings upon the floor, a cradle, bureau, doll's bonnet and cloak, and near all, a child's chair.

Left of foreground, upon the floor, are a toy musket, drum, knapsack, canteen and cartridge-box.

Centre of foreground, profile to audience, stands a little boy, dressed in short white trousers, socks and pumps, a velvet blouse and linen collar. Upon his head is a soldier's cap. In one hand he holds a doll, hanging by the arm, while in the other he flourishes a wooden sword, with which he is

threatening a little girl who stands a few paces from him, facing audience.

The little girl wears a short white dress, with a broad sash and knots of ribbon on the shoulders. She has her fists in her eyes, and her face screwed up, as if crying bitterly.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

THE scene is a parlor. Seated centre of room, facing audience, in a large arm-chair, is a very old gentleman. He wears dressing gown and slippers, and his feet rest on a foot-stool. Beside the chair stands a cane. The old gentleman is leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands holding, one an open snuff-box, the other the lid. Right of the old gentleman, profile to audience, is a little boy, whose hands are raised, and his face screwed up as if just about to sneeze.

The contrast in age should be as great as possible. The old gentleman looks roguishly at the boy.

Left of foreground, profile to audience, a lady in a rich morning dress is seated, with a piece of sewing in her hands. She is looking at the child, and laughing heartily at the effect of his curiosity.

At her feet is seated a little girl nursing a doll. She is pointing to the boy, and seems to be laughing heartily.

THE TIFF.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room, seated upon the table, profile to audience, facing left, is a young man in the dress of a farmer's boy, mending a shovel. In one hand he holds up a hammer, in the other the nail which he seems just about to strike. He wears corduroy trousers, a striped calico shirt, scarlet waistcoat, straw hat, heavy shoes, and long leather gaiters buttoned up to the knee. His lips are stuck out as if to whistle, but he looks over his shoulder anxiously at his companion.

Beside the table, profile to audience, facing right, is a

young girl, dressed in a chintz dress, white apron, stout leather boots and a sun-bonnet, which hangs round her neck by the strings. She is staring forward, biting the nail of her finger, and looking very sulky.

WHO IS THE TALLEST?

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of stage, facing audience, is a large arm-chair, in which is seated an old woman. Standing in front of her, profile to audience, and back to back, are a little boy and girl, measuring heights. The little girl is standing very demurely looking down, but the boy, with a face full of mischief, is standing upon tip-toe. The old woman is dressed in black silk, white cap and spectacles. She has one hand upon the head of each of the children.

Right of foreground, kneeling down and looking at the boy's feet, is a little girl, who points to the trick, and seems to be just exclaiming over her discovery.

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

THE scene is a painter's studio. Right and left of background are statues, paintings hanging and leaning against the walls, cloaks, shawls, foils and masks heaped in picturesque confusion.

Centre of room, facing audience, is a large arm-chair upon a raised platform. Upon this chair is seated a young girl, who is dressed in the powdered wig, hooped-skirts and pointed waist of the last century. (Any other picturesque dress will do as well.) She is sitting very stiffly, her hands crossed upon her lap, her eyes looking straight forward.

Left of foreground, another young lady, in a handsome walking dress of the present day, is seated, profile to audience. She is mocking the stiff attitude and laughing heartily.

Right of foreground stands a painter's easel, with a picture

upon it, but arranged so that the audience cannot see the face. Standing before this, profile to audience, is the painter, holding in one hand a palette, and in the other a brush.

He is dressed in a loose black velvet coat, white linen pants, white shirt, with a Byron collar, and loose necktie, and black velvet lounging cap, from which the hair falls in loosely curling locks.

He is looking at the young lady, centre of room, with a despairing expression and imploring gesture, as if asking her to assume a more natural position.

The central figure may be costumed as a shepherdess, in the Louis Quatorze style, as some mythological goddess, in fact in any picturesque costume that the wardrobe of the performer will admit. The stiffer the attitude, and the more vacant the expression, the better.

CUPID CONQUERING MARS.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of foreground is a sofa, facing audience. Right of foreground, facing the sofa is an embroidery frame, with a piece of work stretched over it. Left of foreground is a small table, upon which are lying a general's dress hat, a sword, sash, belt and pair of gloves.

Upon the sofa are seated a young lady and an old gentleman.

The gentleman wears the full dress uniform of an American Major-General of the present day. He has a large, heavy moustache, a stern face, and if a scar can be painted on the face, the effect is better. In one hand he is holding up a worsted needle, in the other a piece of colored zephyr. Upon his lap is a dainty little work basket, full of bright colored silks and worsteds. The needle must be the largest that can be procured, and the eye of it must be broken. The gentleman's face is very earnest, and his eyes fixed intently upon the needle.

The young lady is dressed in white, with blue ribbons in

her hair. She is holding out one hand for the needle, but the other hand falls over the arm of the sofa. Her face is turned toward the general, full of merry mischief.

Kneeling beside the sofa, out of the general's sight, and raising the lady's hand to his lips, is a young gentleman, in the full dress uniform of a lieutenant in the United States Army. He is half hidden by the back of the sofa, and peeping round it.

At the other end of the foreground, seated profile to audience, is an elderly lady, sewing. She looks complacently on the general, but does not see the lieutenant, nor the trick of the broken needle.

IS HE NOT A TEASE?

THE scene is a farm kitchen, with the table spread for tea. Right of foreground, profile to audience, is seated a young girl, with a sleeping baby in her arms. She is dressed in a bright chintz dress, white apron, and white muslin kerchief pinned over her breast. She is leaning forward, one hand outstretched.

Centre of foreground is a boy, dressed as a farmer's lad, who laughingly holds a sealed letter just out of reach of the young girl's fingers.

THE DANCING LESSON.

THE scene is a parlor, with the furniture set back, so as to leave a clear space in the centre. Right of centre, profile to audience, is a man in black silk tights, black suit, and pumps. He is holding a violin under his chin, with one hand, and the bow across it with the other. His right foot is put forward, the toe resting on the ground, the heel raised, in a dancing position. Facing him is a young lady in a handsome silk dress, with jewels on her arms and neck. She is holding up her skirts with both hands, showing her feet, in black kid slippers, in precisely the same position as those of the dancing master.

Left of foreground, profile to audience, is a tiny little girl dressed in white, who holds up her dress, and has her feet in the same position as the other two.

Right of background, just entering the room, is an Irish girl, in a chintz dress and large gingham apron, heavy leather boots and woolen stockings. She faces audience, and has her mouth set in a broad grin. Her hands hold up her skirts, and her feet are in the same position as those of her mistress.

The two central figures must look perfectly serious, while the other two are laughing, but all three of the females must be in exactly the same attitude.

THE LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room, facing audience, is an arm-chair, in which is seated an old farmer. He is dressed in a homespun suit, flannel shirt, and heavy shoes. He leans forward upon a cane, one hand raised behind his ear, listening intently.

Right of foreground a lad of about fourteen is seated upon a low stool, with an open newspaper in his hands. He sits profile to audience, and appears to be reading aloud.

Left of foreground, an old woman is seated, profile to audience, leaning forward as if listening. She has let her knitting fall to the floor, and her hands are clasped together and raised, her eyes looking upward as if in despairing prayer.

Left of background, a young girl in the plain dress of a farmer's daughter, has just fallen upon a chair, as if in a fainting fit, her head drooping, and her hands falling nerveless at her side.

Right of background, another girl, younger then first, is standing facing audience, apron raised to her eyes, as if weeping bitterly.

The old man's face expresses perplexity, as if doubtful of his own hearing, but deep grief must be upon all the others.

The little reader holds the paper in one hand, but the other is pressed against his throat, as if so keep down the sobs.

In the centre of the room, beside the old man's chair, the dinner is standing upon a table, the chairs pushed back from it, the piled up plates untouched, as if the paper had arrived just as the family were about to dine.

THE BASHFUL LOVERS.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room, facing audience, is standing a young man, in a farmer's dress. He is holding a bouquet in one hand, and looking bashfully at his companion, as if afraid to offer his gift.

A few feet from him, also facing audience, looking down, and twisting the corner of her apron, is a young girl in a pretty country dress.

RORY O'MORE AND KATHLEEN BAWN.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of stage is a low stool, facing audience, and upon this is seated a young Irish girl, while seated on the floor at her feet is her lover. His arm encircles her waist, his hand holds hers, and he is leaning forward for a kiss, while she coquettishly holds back just out of his reach.

The whole effect of this tableau will depend upon the costumes.

Rory wears blue breeches, long blue woolen stockings, fastened with ribbon garters, low buckled shoes, a scarlet waistcoat, white shirt and black necktie. On the ground beside him are his hat and a stout walking stick.

Kathleen wears white stockings, low black shoes, laced with scarlet, a short skirt of brown stuff, white muslin bodice, black peasant waist, laced with scarlet, a scarlet ribbon in her hair, and a dark brown cloak just falling off one

shoulder. Her broad straw hat, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, hangs upon one arm by its strings.

Both should be in the ruddy, fresh Irish style of beauty.

This tableau is exceedingly pretty when children are the performers.

HUBERT AND PRINCE ARTHUR.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John—Act IV., Scene I.*

THE scene is a prison, with a heavy dark background. Left of foreground is a brazier full of live coals, into which are thrust two bars of iron. Centre of stage, facing audience, Hubert is kneeling, his right hand holding the hand of the little Prince, his left hand resting upon his hair.

Hubert's dress is of dark purple woolen stuff, trimmed with bands of broad black velvet. It hangs in long loose folds around him, fastened at the waist by a broad black belt.

Prince Arthur, who stands profile to audience, is dressed in a tight jacket of crimson velvet, long white silk stockings, and crimson velvet breeches. Over his dress is a long loose coat of white merino, embroidered in gold, which falls almost to his feet. His collar is of gold lace, his slippers of crimson velvet, with white satin rosettes.

The moment chosen for the tableau is that when Hubert relents from his purpose of destroying Arthur's eyes with red hot irons, at the lines:

> "Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
> For all the treasure that thine uncle owes."

LETTERS ON TABLEAUX.

THE following letters, published in Godey's Lady's Book, having been found useful to those arranging tableaux, are introduced here in their original form, as they were written from actual tableaux, which the writer had seen performed. The moving tableaux are novel, and admit of such infinite variety that they can scarcely fail to be popular:

LETTER I.—TABLEAU VIVANTS.

DEAR ——: Here I come with the promised letter to you about our city pleasures this winter. I am staying with my Uncle Walter this season, and have a number of cousins about my own age around me, making it one of the pleasantest visits I have ever made. First on the list of cousins stands Grace, my especial pet and companion, a tiny blonde, pretty as a picture, and full of life and fun. We make an odd contrast, Susy, when we stand together before the long mirrors. My black hair and swarthy complexion suffer from a comparison with her clusters of golden hair and clear white skin, while her little graceful figure looks more petite and child-like than ever beside my tall form. Walter and Harvey, older than Grace, and more like myself in appearance, are twins, and our constant escorts and champions. Then come Hattie and Mary, not yet released from school, pretty girls of eighteen and sixteen, looking very much alike, with brown hair and large blue eyes. Minnie, Grace's counterpart, just nine, and Eddie, the baby, two years old, complete the home circle. Aunt Harriet is the most indulgent of mothers, and Uncle Walter liberal and hospitable; so we young folks have *carte blanche* for all sorts of amusement.

You requested me to send you special accounts of our various ways of passing the evenings this winter, in order that

you might arrange your parties in the country with some pleasant varieties; so, if I give you too detailed an account of our doings, you must forgive the error, and remember it was your own request.

Last Thursday evening, we had a tableaux party, and a very pleasant one it was. In addition to the home party, our performers numbered several friends, to whom I shall introduce you as they come into the pictures.

Our parlors are double, with folding doors, and in the space for these doors we fitted our frame. It was made of wood, covered first with yellow paper-muslin, and then with yellow tarletan, large rosettes of the tarletan placed all round, about ten inches apart. The curtain was of deep crimson, and parted in the middle. It was made very full, and fastened to the back of the frame by a long pole. Curtain-rings were sewed to the top, but a foot on each side was made fast, letting the curtain slip back to within a foot of the edge of the frame, and then, being looped back, it made a very pretty and effective foreground for the picture behind the frame. A dark brown curtain, made very full, fell for a background, throwing out the colors worn by the performers most beautifully. For ghostly scenes, a fine blue gauze curtain fell from the frame, but could be removed, if not required for the picture. A coarse black lace was tacked to the frame, being drawn tightly, and through this *all* the pictures were seen.

The first scene was

THE BLEEDING NUN.

You may not know the legend, so I will tell you. Raymond and Agnes are lovers, but she is commanded by her father to take the veil, so they plan an elopement. There is a tradition in the castle of a similar case, where the maiden commits a murder, and then passes at midnight from the castle, in her robes of novice, and bearing a bloody dagger and lamp. Once in five years, the castle-gates are left open for the spirit of the bleeding nun to pass through. Agnes,

to elope with Raymond, agrees to personate the spectre ; but, the legend runs, he mistakes the sprite for his lady-love, and elopes with the actual bleeding nun. We chose for our tableau the moment when the spectre is greeted by Raymond.

Hattie took the part of the bleeding nun. She wore a white dress falling in loose, full folds to her feet; over that, a white veil completely concealing her features and falling below her waist. Large stains of blood on the front of the dress and on the veil. In her right hand she held a bloody dagger, and in her left a lamp. Her face was turned toward Raymond, and with the dagger pointed forward, as if inviting him to follow. She stood in the centre of the foreground. Raymond (Cousin Walter) wore a large Spanish cloak and black felt hat with a drooping feather ; he stood to the left of the foreground, leaning forward, one arm extended as if to embrace the spectre. In the background, in an attitude of horror, her veil thrown back, her face pallid, and eyes fixed on the spectre, Mary, the Agnes of the tableau, stood, her hands clasped, and form bent slighty forward ; at her feet lay the lamp and dagger, as if they had just fallen. Her dress was precisely similar to Hattie's, the veil thrown aside showed her masses of brown curls falling loose on her shoulders. The attitude and expression of horror at the sight of Raymond following the spectre were perfect.

The second tableau was quite a contrast to the first one, but very pretty. All the performers were children. The scene was from Cinderella—

LIFTING THE VEIL.

THE room was arranged for the ball scene, and we had about a dozen children in various attitudes for guests. Minnie was dressed for Cinderella, in a white dress brocaded with gold, worn over a blue satin petticoat; a light wreath of pale blue flowers was twisted in with her curls, and over all was thrown a thin white illusion veil. She stood in the centre of the foreground. Beside her, just raising the veil,

was Harry Hastings, a handsome boy, some twelve years old, who personated the Prince; his dress was crimson and gold, with full trousers fastened at the knee, long white silk stockings, a short cloak falling over the left arm, and a light crown. The two sisters, one in purple brocade, the other in yellow, stood near the Prince, looking on to see the beauty beneath the veil. In the background, a tiny blonde, some five years old, personated the fairy god-mother: she wore white guaze spangled, little wings, a crown of small stars, and carried a tiny wand. We stood her upon a marble pedestal, and she seemed just waving her wand over the Prince and her pet god-child.

The next tableau was

THE SORCERESS.

THE scene required the stage to be divided in two parts, and our arrangements had been made behind the brown curtain. A large table, covered with dark green cloth, stood there, and a frame smaller than the one in the foreground rested upon it. The brown curtain was drawn back just to clear this frame.

Seated on a throne made of a large easy-chair raised upon a platform and draped with crimson, placed to the left of foreground, was the sorceress, your humble servant, appointed to the office in virtue of her gipsey-like complexion and hair. I wore a white cashmere dress, with cabalistic figures embroidered on the hem; the sleeves were made very full, with similar figures on the seam and hem. A girdle of crimson, with gold stars, and a short crimson cape, also studded with stars, fastened the robe at the waist and on the shoulders. A gold chain fell over the breast, with a curious ornament—cut from gold paper, Susy—suspended from it. My hair fell loose, slightly curled, and on my head I wore a crimson velvet cap, with a star of diamonds directly over the forehead. An antique lamp stood on the marble pedestal beside me. In one hand I held a scroll of paper, and in the other a wand. Harvey, in a full suit of

armor, with a white cloak, bearing upon the shoulder the crimson cross of the Crusaders, knelt before me, his profile to the audience, looking toward the scene in the background, to which I pointed with my wand. This scene, upon the table I mentioned above, was seen through blue gauze, which gave it a fine effect. A white background made the scene in the small frame a tent. Extended upon the ground, dying, his cloak thrown off, his breast-plate beside him, and his armor open, showing the linen stained with blood, lay what seemed the same figure as knelt before me. It was Walter, Harvey's twin brother, and the resemblance was perfect; but the same effect can be produced, Susy, by making the two dresses alike, and placing the kneeling figure with his back to the audience. The dying man in the frame extended his arms towards Grace, who turned away from him, to give her hand to another knight, who stood in the attitude of conqueror, with a bloody sword in his hand. Grace wore a simple white dress, with a veil thrown back.

The next picture was

GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

Here, the scene was full of funny contrasts, and we had twelve performers on the stage at once. In the centre of the background stood a large, old-fashioned black trunk, open; dresses were thrown carelessly over the sides and upon the cover, and the performers were each trying on some article supposed to have come from the old trunk. Harvey, standing erect in the background, leaning on his sword, wore the full uniform of the American soldier of 1776, buff and blue, and splendidly handsome he looked. Grace, with her bright golden curls half hiding her saucy, smiling face, was dressed in a short-waisted, long-trained purple brocade, a cloak of black silk falling off her shoulders, and a bonnet seventy years old—a *veritable* piece of antiquity, Susy. You cannot fancy anything prettier than her piquant little face and figure, shaded, half hidden, by the loose dress and deep bonnet. Walter, in his every-day dress, sported a mob-cap,

a pair of round-eyed spectacles, and a short gown of bright chintz. Hattie had a cocked hat, a long red cloak worn over an every-day merino, and carried a large gold-headed cane. Mary had found a deep hood, in which she buried her pretty face, and from her waist trailed a long silk train. I went still farther back in my dress, and wore a powdered wig, large hoops, and high-heeled shoes. The dress, of rich dark green satin, embroidered in gold, was made with long points front and back, and the skirt looped at the waist, over a white satin petticoat. Fanny Jarvis, a little merry brunette, had a full female costume of the Revolutionary days, the dress of a farmer's daughter, or one of middling station of life. A striped chintz skirt was looped over a blue stuff petticoat; clocked stockings and heeled shoes buckled in front were revealed by the short skirt; a white kerchief was crossed primly over the neck and pinned at the waist; long mittens covered the arms, and a chintz handkerchief was tied over the black curls and fastened under the chin. Her brother Morris wore a black velvet suit of the same period, with white ruffled shirt and wristbands, and a three-cornered hat. Graham Leslie, Walter's intimate friend, wore the dandy dress of some forty years ago, and his sister was arrayed in a short gored skirt, prunella shoes, deep bonnet, and short waist of the same period. Little Eddie, who was persuaded to stand, held by Walter, on the marble pedestal, had over his white dress, an old-fashioned waistcoat of yellow satin, and on his long dark curls was placed a cap with deep, stiff ruffles. Minnie, the last on the list, stood near Harvey, in a swallow-tailed coat, over her white dress, and a white felt hat, some thirty years old. There were figures enough to fill the stage without being crowded, and the picture was very effective.

The next one was

THE DYING BRIGAND.

WALTER, whose black hair and heavy moustache, dark complexion and large black eyes made a capital Italian face,

personated the brigand. A full suit of green velvet—breeches with white stockings and gay garters, a short jacket, and peaked hat—made a good costume. He lay extended in the centre of foreground, his face well floured, his jacket open, displaying a bloody shirt; one hand clutched a pistol, the other pressed a handkerchief to his breast; his head was supported upon my knee. My dress consisted of a short, full crimson skirt, a white muslin bodice very full, with a corsage of black velvet laced over it, a white muslin flat cap falling on the neck behind. Kneeling beside Walter, I supported his head. Morris Jarvis and Graham Leslie—one in the scarlet jacket, buff pantaloons, and high boots of a postilion, with a whip and little scarlet cap; the other in a courier's dress of buff and green embroidered with gold—stood near us. In the background were a group of travellers in modern dress—Grace in a gray travelling dress, fainting in Harvey's arms, Aunt Harriet and Mary comforting each other, and Uncle William looking ruefully at the brigand, holding in one hand the pistol supposed to have ended poor Walter's mortal career.

Our next tableau was

SECOND SIGHT.

Morris Jarvis personated the Scotch seer. He made up as an old man very well, wearing the full Highland costume. He was seated on a low stool, to the left of the foreground, his head leaning on his hand, looking intently at the scene in the background. On a bed of skins at his feet, Mary, in a white dress, with a plaid thrown over her, lay asleep. Walter, also in full Highland dress, stood near Morris, his hand upon his shoulder, as if trying to rouse him, while Graham Leslie, to the right of the picture, lay asleep upon a couch. In the background, grouped on table mentioned before, but without the frame, were the three young figures of the foreground group. Harriet, who looks very much like Mary, stood erect, the centre of the group, in regal robes—a crown, purple mantle, and rich white satin dress. To the left, Har-

vey, in a beggar's rags, knelt at Harriet's feet, as if in petition. To the right, wrapped in a monk's robe, with the hood drawn over his face, Harry Marston, another friend of Walter's, seemed pointing threateningly to Harvey, as if warning Harriet not to heed his prayer. The scene was effective, and each guest was at liberty to weave his own romance on the picture before him.

The last picture of the evening was

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

AUNT HARRIET consented to personate the "stern parient," as Harvey said, and, in black silk, with a neat white cap, looked quite fierce. She occupied a rocking-chair to the right of background, while in the centre of foreground Grace, in a white dress, looking sweetly pretty, stood with her hand out to take the letter. Hervey, behind Aunt Harriet's chair, leans forward with the letter, holding it out, his eyes fixed on Grace, while Aunt Harriet holds the other end of the letter, her finger raised threateningly at Grace, who, in a pretty attitude of entreaty, tries to take the *billet-doux*.

MOVING TABLEAUX.

DEAR SUSY: I am going to-day to give you a description of a party Aunt Harriet allowed us to give last evening in honor of the birthday of Walter and Harvey, my twin cousins. The character of the entertainment was invented by Gracie's fertile brain, and was much applauded by the audience.

Suppose now the company assembled. The stage was arranged as I described in my first letter, and at eight o'clock the performance commenced.

The first scene was from "Marmion."

THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCE DE BEVERLY.

THE curtain rising slowly showed the stage, which was in a shadowy half light. A screen of gray cloth was drawn

across the background, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and from one side of the scene to the other. In the centre of the background was a table, behind which were seated the "heads of convents three."

Mary personated the gentle abbess of St. Hilda, wearing a black serge dress, white veil and head-dress, and a large rosary falling from her belt. I, similarly attired, was the prioress of Tynemouth; and Walter, with a white beard, long white hair, and a monk's dress, took the character of Saint Cuthbert's abbot. An antique lamp was suspended above the table, throwing a full light upon a scroll of paper and a skull and cross which were placed on it. Gracie stood in the centre of the picture, her profile toward the audience. A full, long cloak of white merino fell loosely from her shoulders to her feet, her hair was thrown back from her face, and swept in long curls down over her neck, arms, and shoulders, and her cap lay on the floor at her feet. Excepting the doublet and the "badge of blue," her cloak hid her dress entirely. Crouching to the left of the foreground, Harvey, dressed as a monk, personated Constance's cowardly accomplice. On each side of the three judges in the background, stood two executioners, wearing the gray monk's dress, and each holding a torch. Black muslin, cut round at the top, and basted to the gray screen, made a good imitation of the niches in the wall, and at the feet of the executioners lay their tools, and a plate of food, and pitcher of water.

As the curtain rose, Morris, who was concealed behind the frame, began to read the description of the scene, beginning at the fifth line, twenty-seventh verse, second canto of Scott's "Marmion." He read well, in a clear, deep voice, and every word was heard distinctly, and not a motion was made by the performers in the tableau until the line,

"And now the blind old abbot rose;"

here Walter stood up, and, as the next two verses were read,

he and Gracie acted their parts in dumb show, until Gracie burst forth with her defence—

"I speak not to implore your grace," etc.

I never imagined she could give the force and pathos she infused into the lines; but, as the last line fell on the ear, the audience gave her a round of applause. Morris again read the description, and then the three judges rose. Walter pronounced the doom, and, as he spoke

"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"

the executioners advanced. Two dragged Harvey to the left hand niche, and he fell upon his knees before it, bending forward, his face to the executioners. Two came, one on each side of Gracie. Slowly she stepped backwards, her cloak still gathered round her, till she stood before the niche facing the audience, an executioner on each side of her; then she raised one hand and her eyes, and as she pointed upward the curtain slowly fell.

The next scene was from the "Corsair," canto first, verse fourteenth. The curtain drawing up disclosed Hattie, seated on a pile of cushions, with a guitar in her hand. The accompaniment to the song was played on the piano-forte, out of sight; but Hattie "went through the motions" on *her* instrument. She wore a short skirt of white silk, embroided in scarlet, and a pair of full white silk trousers, gathered in a band at the ankle; her vest was of blue, and her jacket of scarlet, worked with gold; her cap of scarlet, worked in gold also. She did not braid her hair, but the soft, full curls did not look amiss. Her pretty little feet were covered with slippers to match the jacket and cap. As the curtain rose, she began to sing, in her clear, sweet voice, Medora's song,

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells."

As the last note died away, Harvey entered. He had worn his dress in the preceding scene, under the monk's

robes, so he was ready in time. The rich corsair dress was very becoming to his dark style of beauty, and made a splendidly handsome Conrad.

Omitting the two lines after the song, he greeted Hattie, as he entered—

"My own Medora!—"

then throwing himself at her feet, he continued—

"Sure, thy song is sad."

Hattie answered in the exact words of Byron, and they recited and acted the conversation between Conrad and Medora till the "Adieu;" then, as she clung to him, he bent proudly over her, and slowly the curtain fell upon them.

Well read and well acted, the scene was very effective, and our audience gave token of approbation in the usual noisy style. The next scene was

THE FRIARS OF ORDERS GRAY.

You remember it, don't you, Susy, the poem by Thomas Percy? As you may have forgotten it, I refer you to Percy. Mary took the part of the lady-love and Morris personated the friar. Mary wore a simple white dress, and over it an old-fashioned black cloak with a hood; Morris wore a gray dress and cowl.

The stage was partly darkened, and, as the curtain rose, Morris was discovered pacing slowly up and down, telling his beads. Mary entered from behind, and as she met Morris, he gave a slight start of recognition, drew his cowl closer, and the scene began at the second verse—

"Now, Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

From this point the poem is all dialogue, and as they threw a great deal of life into the acting (Mary's grief was touching), the scene passed off very well until the curtain fell upon the last verse—

"Now farewell, grief, and welcome joy,
Once more unto my heart;
For, since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

One more scene closed the evening's performance, for these scenes take a longer time to act than to write out for you, Susy, and four are as many as are wanted in an evening; they are tedious, if you give too many of them.

The last was

JOAN OF ARC'S TRIAL.

I FOUND the poem in an annual. It was written by Albert Taylor. I will send you the words, for it made a very good one for such a purpose as this.

The stage was arranged as a court, and the judges sat to the right, while your humble servant, as Joan of Arc, stood facing the judge, her profile to the audience. I wore a tunic of imitation mail, falling to the knees, and, with my head uncovered, my hair falling in the greatest confusion all over my shoulders, and my hands chained together, I made quite a respectable Joan.

Morris, hidden, read the description, and at the condemnation Walter, the judge, rose slowly, and, altering the poem a little, spoke my doom. I recited the defence and the prayer for a soldier's death; and at the words, "A stir and rise," the judges and court rose slowly, and passed out, leaving me standing alone. The poem goes on with a description of the execution; but, as I have an objection to being burned at the stake, we stopped at the last line of the copy I send you. When left alone, I knelt down, facing the audience, my hands crossed on my breast, and my eyes raised like, Morris said, "a duck in a thunder storm," and the curtain fell.

The poem was as follows:

JOAN OF ARC.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

"WITHIN the hall of judgment bound,
With ruthless foes girt darkly round,

Deserted, left to bigot laws,
Without one friend to plead her cause,
With hair dishevell'd, pallid face,
On every wasted limb the trace
Of suffering long, and want, and woe,
Stood Joan of Arc. You scarce could know,
Beneath the ragged vest
That clad so poorly that bright form,
Once robed in terror, like the storm,
There beat a living breast!
So still she stood, so steadfast gazed,
With fixed look and head upraised,
As though her thoughts had flown
Back to the guileless days of yore,
And saw, in yearning fancy saw,
Her father's cot, each peaceful scene,
The hanging wood, the village green,
And heard each sister's tone;
For in her eye grew slow a tear,
Quiver'd her lip, but not in fear;
For undismayed she heard at last
The deadly, cruel sentence pass'd
That gave her to the flame
As witch and sorceress."

In our version, Susy, Walter rose at the word "fear," saying—

"Finding thee guilty of the crimes assigned,
We do condemn thee, Joan, to the flame
A witch and sorc'ress."

Then Morris read again from the original, while I acted my part in dumb show.

"Ha! now! now!
Uprose the spirit on her brow,
And back the color came.
With form erect, fire-flashing eyes,
Such as she wore at battle-cry,
And arm outstretch'd, and voice whose rush
Came sudden on the solemn hush
High as trumpet swell—"

Here I came in, Susy—

"By that great God, I swear, whose will
Upheld, and will uphold me still,
The charge is false as hell!
No witch am I. And thou, O thou
Bright Virgin pure, in pity now
Look down on thy poor child!
Desert not in this hour of need!
Thou know'st still, in thought and deed,
This young heart undefil'd!
O make my innocence appear!
The only shield that's left me here
To face my dastard foes.
And on them now I turn my face,
Flushing with scorn, but not disgrace;
I hurl that back on those
Who call dear France their fatherland,
And stand, unblushing, hand in hand,
Link'd with the foreign wolves, whose prey
This woman's arm hath torn away,
And hear unmov'd the name
Before the which their proudest paled,
Their far-fam'd iron legions quailed,
All slurr'd with guilt and shame!
Ay! gaze on me, on all that's left
Of one of light and air bereft
So long, and safely gaze! this hand
No longer wields its battle brand;
It wears this heavy chain!
This woman's arm you've conquered now,
But not the spirit on her brow;
That spirit doth remain
Unconquerable still, to send
Its high defiance to the end.
And, would you know the Power that taught
This peasant arm, this peasant thought,
Do thou, Lord Bishop, tell,
When battling for a country's right
And sacred laws, whence came the might,

From heaven or from hell,
That overthrew her foes, and crown'd
Her lawful monarch? And, though bound
With heavy chains, condemn'd to death,
I answer with my latest breath.
I was the chosen one
Of that High God who stays the wave
To stay my country's foes, and save
That country; and 'tis done!
'Tis done! and humbly I lay down
The sword, to take the martyr's crown!
You've torn the honor from my crest,
And planted shame there! take the rest—
This young and weary life!
Oh! flame sears nôt in fiercest mood
Like slander, and ingratitude
Cuts sharper than the knife!
Not here, not here! beyond yon dome
Of heaven, in Truth's eternal home,
When ruthless ye have trod
This soul from out its maiden shrine,
I'll lay this injured cause of mine
Before the throne of God!
And think not that your steel or stake
Shall make this spirit quail or break;
Your power I defy!
For He who gave this arm its power,
And nerved it in the battle hour,
Will nerve this heart to die!
And, though I go down darkly now,
With shame upon my maiden brow,
So deadly wronged, so all-forsaken,
The time will come, and truth awaken,
Another, nobler age will tell
Poor Joan of Orleans' tale;
How false her doom, how true she fell
In country's cause, and hail
Her memory as a beacon light,
The battle-cry in freedom's fight,

And clear her injur'd name ;
Without reproach, will on it write ;
On yours, *Eternal shame !* "

The next three lines were omitted—

" She paused, while from her lofty brow
The flush of maiden scorn pal'd slow ;
Then, in a tone more meek and low—"

I began, after a short pause here—

" And yet, but that I feel 'twere vain
From cruelty one hope to gain,
A simple boon I still would crave ;
A soldier's death, a humble grave,
Dug 'neath the forest lone and wild,
Where once I rov'd a happy child,
To fancy that each spring
The grass that waves o'er this poor breast
By sister's hands with flowers be dressed,
And round it wild birds sing."

Here Morris read again—

" She ceased ; there was a trembling sound
Upon her voice, and all around
She sadly gazed ; a hush profound
A moment was, and then
A stir and rise."

Then as the judges passed slowly out, he read—

" O God ! for there
Was not one heart to urge that prayer
Amidst those iron men."

I would suggest to you, if you have an entertainment of this kind, to have a full-dress rehearsal, that none of the little details may be wrong.

If well read and acted, these scenes are very effective and entertaining, but poorly rendered they are very wearisome.

PROVERBS IN TABLEAUX.

PROVERBS in Tableaux form a most entertaining variation upon the established form of pictures, as they call upon the audience not only for their admiration of effect, but also for the exercise of their ingenuity in guessing what proverb or saying the scene before them is intended to represent.

The company when acting proverbs should be divided, one portion performing while the others act as audience. At the end of each tableau let the audience name the proverb. If correctly guessed, audience and performers change places. If not, the performers give the answer and keep their places until one of their proverbs is guessed correctly.

Charades in Tableaux must also be guessed by the audience as soon as the curtain falls upon the whole word.

IT IS WELL TO HAVE TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

THIS tableau can be arranged only where the stage can represent an out-door scene. In the centre of background, facing audience, stands a target, with an arrow in it, near, but not exactly striking the centre. Trees, flowers, and rustic benches, are on both sides of the scene, leaving the centre space open. To the right and left are grouped ladies and gentlemen in archery dresses, the gentlemen wearing suits of Lincoln green, the ladies white with decorations of green, round straw hats with green streamers. All carry bows, and quivers filled with arrows. In the centre of foreground are the three performers, a lady and two gentlemen, who form the principal group. The lady is holding a bow, the string of which has just snapped, and is hanging loose. One of the gentlemen leaning forward, is condoling with her, but the other holds up triumphantly a long piece of new cord. The lady reaches out her hand for the cord, smiling upon the giver.

BETTER HALF A LOAF THAN NO BREAD.

THE scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. The farmer's wife stands near a table, moulding butter into pats; one daughter is counting eggs into a basket, the other stands with half a loaf of bread in her hand, pointing to the door, the third one shows her mother a whole loaf, but the mother seems to be pointing out a closet to her, while she is sending the half loaf to the beggar at the door. The beggar should hold an empty basket open, and have two little children clinging to her skirts. Let the farmer's wife and daughters wear neat chintz dresses, cut short enough to show stout shoes and clocked stockings; the mother wears a white cap, the daughters, three-cornered handkerchiefs pinned under the chin. The beggar's dress, and that of the children, should be as torn and ragged as possible, and the children, bare-headed and barefoot.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

THE scene, a parlor or sitting-room. Near a work-table in the centre of stage, a lady is seated, sewing. Two little boys at right, are playing marbles, a little girl left, is nursing a doll. At the lady's feet a little girl is seated, mending a very small hole in her apron. Another little girl, just passing the work-table, has caught her apron in the knob of the drawer, and torn a long rent. The lady, pointing to the little girl, sewing, seems reminding the other one of the proverb.

Another tableau upon the same proverb may represent the boudoir of a lady of fashion, with toilet-table, upon which jewelry, flowers and ribbons are scattered. A young lady in full evening dress, stands centre of room; kneeling at her feet, a lady's maid, catching together a small rent in a lace flounce. Upon a chair is a dress, with a long tear across one breadth, to which the lady points while the maid seems to be reminding her of the proverb.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.

Let the chairs be placed in two rows down the centre of stage like the seats on each side of a railway car. The stage must be darkened, the seats filled with people, all of whom are asleep but one. A very humorous tableau may be made in the variety of costume and attitude, amongst the sleepers. In the seat nearest the audience is the only passenger awake, who appears to be in a great rage, and scolding furiously at the conductor. In one hand he holds a ticket and points to the word Melville; at the end of the row of seats, have a placard placed with Holmesburg painted upon it, put against the wall. The conductor, who carries a lantern, and throws the light full upon the ticket, seems to be apologizing for his mistake. It adds to the effect, to have one or two passengers just waking up, and looking angrily at the two who are quarrelling.

HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE.

The scene, a hotel dining-room, with the table set for four persons. Two sit facing the audience, and one at each end, profile to audience. They are all gentlemen. Three of the party are dressed in the extreme of fashion, and have a languid, blasé look. Their plates are covered with choice food, and stand before them. One holds up a tiny morsel upon his fork, but turns from it, as if disgusted; the second is pouring gravy into his plate, but looks as if its appearance did not please him; the third holds a wing of a bird in his hand, and is daintily picking off a small piece with his fork. The fourth one, facing audience, wears the full costume of a hunter, and should be a tall, finely formed man, with a ruddy, healthly face. His plate has nothing upon it but a large slice of beef, and some potatoes, but he appears to be eating voraciously. The others look at him with languid wonder, while he seems inviting them to share his repast. To the right of the foreground, upon the floor, lie

the gun, shot-bag and a bunch of game; if a dog can be kept still, it adds very much to the effect to place one beside the hunter's property. To the left of foreground stands a smaller table, upon which are placed the hats, canes and gloves of the three dandies.

DOG IN THE MANGER.

In the centre of stage is a table piled with cake, fruit, pies and other eatables. In front of the table, facing audience, is an immensely fat boy (stuffing the clothes will produce this effect) with red cheeks, in the act of vainly endeavoring to swallow a mouthful of a cake he holds in his hand. He is dressed in a suit of velvet, richly embroidered, and upon the floor near him lie some expensive toys and games, a pile of sugar-plums, and some money. To the left of stage, standing hand in hand, are a little boy and girl, dressed in very ragged clothes, with thin faces and sad eyes, holding out their hands pitifully to the young glutton, and looking at the profusion on the table. The boy at centre holds up a large cane threateningly, while he frowns angrily at the little beggars.

TWO ARE COMPANY; THREE MAKE A CROWD.

The stage has two sofas, one to the right, and one to the left of centre. In the centre of the stage, a small table. A lady and gentleman, young, are seated at this table, with a game of chess before them. They are conversing very intently, the lady's hand resting in that of the gentleman, while the other hand of each holds a chessman, as if the game was delayed, not finished. Upon the sofa to the right, another couple, lady and gentleman, with an open book before them, are also conversing earnestly, looking into each other's eyes, evidently forgetting the rest of the company. Upon the sofa at left of stage, are seated another couple, and between them an old lady, knitting. All these are

looking forward blankly, as if they had not a word to say. Upon the back of the sofa, behind the old lady's head, the young folks have clasped hands. At the back of stage, just entering the room, are two young ladies, and one gentleman, all looking cross and uncomfortable, as if there was one too many in the party.

THE GRAY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE.

THE scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. The farmer, just entering the door, is followed by a beggar man, whom he holds by the hand, and at whom he looks very sorrowfully. The farmer's wife, just turning from a well-spread tea-table, is pointing threateningly to the door, as if ordering the beggar to depart. She looks angry and determined. The farmer looking cowed and afraid, seems to be telling the beggar that he must go. The beggar is turning sorrowfully away.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

THE scene should be a pawnbroker's office. A table stands centre of stage. Seated at the table, facing audience, is an old man, with a long white beard, dressed in a suit of brown cloth, rather old and seedy. Upon his head is a black velvet skull-cap. He holds in one hand a long gold chain that is very bright, except in one place, where there is a long green stain; in the other hand he holds a vial of acid, with the cork out. He is holding the chain up, to point out to the would-be seller that the acid proves it brass. The customer is a lady in deep mourning, who stands by the table, profile to audience. She carries in her hand an open jewel-box, in which are some more jewels. Upon the table, in front of the old man, are a number of articles of jewelry, each having upon it the same green stain as the chain. The lady looks despairingly into the box, from which she takes a bracelet, while the old man's face expresses triumph. A little

green water color will produce the effect of acid upon jewelry, but can be easily washed off.

WHEN POVERTY COMES IN AT THE DOOR, LOVE FLIES OUT AT THE WINDOW.

THE scene must be a richly-furnished but disorderly room. The husband at the breakfast-table, in his dressing-gown and slippers, the wife in a richly trimmed morning dress with a breakfast cap on. Both are pouting. The lady points to a long milliner's bill which she holds in one hand, the gentleman shows an empty pocket-book. Coming in at the door is a figure dressed to represent Poverty; an old man, leaning upon a cane, dressed in ragged clothes, with a long white beard. He holds out his hat, as if begging. Upon the window sill, in an attitude as if just about to fly, have a little child, dressed as a Cupid. He looks at the figure in the doorway as if frightened by it.

A BIRD IN HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THE prettiest scene is a garden, but if the properties do not extend to out-of-door views, flower stands in a parlor make a very pretty scene. In the centre of stage stands a table, upon this a bird cage, with a bird in it. A little girl stands behind the table facing audience; she holds up a lump of sugar to the bars of the cage, and appears to be coaxing the bird to eat it. To the left of foreground is a large stand covered with flowers in pots. Upon one bush is a stuffed bird, with out-stretched wings, as if just flying away. A little boy carrying in one hand a box marked "salt," is advancing on tip-toe behind the bird, one hand reached out, with the forefinger and thumb closed, as if holding a pinch of salt, to deposit on the bird's tail. To the right of foreground is a large chair, and upon the back of it is another stuffed bird, apparently just ready to soar upwards. Behind this bird is a little girl, who holds up her

apron, just ready to throw over it. Both children pursuing the birds should look vexed at their escape, while the little girl feeding the one in the cage, looks perfectly contented with her prize.

A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

The scene is a parlor, with two servants putting it in order. The furniture is in confusion, as if pushed out into the centre of room for convenience in sweeping. One servant, young and smartly dressed, at right of stage, has a new broom, and behind it is a very clean space on the carpet, while a pile of dust lies before it. The girl appears to be working very actively and good-naturedly. At left of stage is an old woman with a worn-out old broom, that she is lazily dragging over the carpet, without any effect. The mistress of the house, standing centre of stage, seems to be reproving the old servant, and pointing to the young one, as if for example, but the old servant points to the new broom, and looks at the old one, as if reminding her mistress of the proverb.

'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

THE stage is arranged as a market scene. All the performers should be children, the variety in costume and occupation of the miniature market people producing a very pretty effect. Five market stalls, two at each side, and one in the centre of background, are quite enough. The arrangement of these stalls is very simple, but by grouping and contrasting colors tastefully, the effect can be made very beautiful. Poultry, feathered game, greens, fruits, vegetables, radishes, and a profusion of flowers are requisite. These can all be imitated; the fowls in pasteboard, and the vegetables and flowers in tissue paper, and the fruit in wax or plaster. On the stall, at centre of background, are flowers and fruits only, arranged in pots, bouquets and baskets. A little girl stands before

this stall; she wears a short, gay petticoat, looped over this is a skirt of dark woolen, with a bodice of the same, trimmed with black velvet, an under-waist of white muslin, a straw hat with long gay ribbons; she is offering a bouquet to a boy in a dandified officer's dress, with a sword buckled to his side. The stall left of background has upon it poultry, butter, sausages, and other country produce. A little boy in a pair of corduroy pants, dark coat and felt hat, made country fashion, is holding up a pair of fowls to show to another lad, dressed as a negro servant, and carrying a large basket, already half filled with provisions. The stall right of background is arranged for a vegetable woman. Here are tissue paper cabbages lying in bright contrast to paper radishes and carrots, and large bushel baskets show their wealth of wooden potatoes and plaster eggs. Before this stall is seated a little girl, in a dark stuff gown, knit mittens, and Dutch cap, busily engaged in knitting. The stall at left of foreground is a butcher's, and has lordly rounds of beef, of red and yellow paper-covered wood, with paper mutton and wooden veal hanging from the hooks. The little boy in attendance upon this stall wears a long white apron, and is tapping with a large piece of meat, which he offers to a little girl, in the quiet gray dress and plain bonnet of a lady marketer. The principal stall, upon which the proverb depends, is to the right of foreground. It is that of an old apple woman, and is overturned. Apples, cakes, nuts and candies lie around it upon the ground. A little girl, dressed as an old market woman, with a calico gown, kerchief pinned over the breast, spectacles, cap and mittens, stands beside the upset stall. She is holding up both hands in consternation. Five or six little ragged children are seizing the fruit and cakes. Two on their knees, are fighting for a large apple, one is running off with both hands full, one filling his pockets, one just coming up, and one cramming his mouth full.

If the tableau described is found too expensive or troublesome to arrange, the proverb may be illustrated by the apple-woman's stall alone, with the saucy boys proving the proverb.

Another illustration of the proverb may be arranged as follows:

A lady, dressed in the height of the fashion, stands in the centre of room, with a handsome bonnet in her hand. A milliner's girl, holding a bandbox, stands at right of foreground, and seems to be apologizing for some defect. The servant of the house is at the left of foreground, and the lady is giving her the bonnet. The lady's face expresses perfect disgust, that of the milliner's girl regret, and that of the servant perfect delight. Just entering the door is the husband, who holds up both hands in consternation at his wife's extravagance.

Another illustration may be arranged thus:

A handsomely-dressed boy has a basket before him, from which he is selecting an apple. Two little chimney sweeps stand beside him, grinning with pleasure, and with both hands filled with the apples he has rejected.

YOU CANNOT PUT AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

The scene represents a parlor. In the centre of the stage stand two chairs facing audience. Upon one of these chairs stands a little girl, dressed in a white muslin dress, pantalettes and slippers. Upon the other chair stands a little boy who wears short white trousers, a blouse, socks and pumps. Both children must be as young as can be persuaded to stand still. To the right of the little girl stands an older girl, who is tying the strings of a cap under the little one's chin. The cap must be that of an old woman, with a broad frill round the face, and large bows of sober ribbon. The little girl has on a pair of large old-fashioned spectacles. Behind the chair stands another girl who holds over the little one's head a large old-fashioned straw bonnet, trimmed with gay ribbons, and immense bunches of flowers. She holds this just over the cap, so as to form a frame for the child's face, but seems waiting for the cap strings to be tied

before putting it on. The little boy already wears a pair of spectacles, a gray wig, and cocked hat, and stands very erect, as if conscious of increased dignity. A larger boy beside him is offering a cane and snuff-box. To the left of foreground the mother is seated at a sewing table; she looks up at the children, but smiles as if reminding them of the proverb.

COUNT NOT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

A VERY pretty tableau may be made of the fable of the milkmaid who counted her chickens before she sold her pail of milk. The scene had better be a farm kitchen. The milkmaid wears a calico dress looped over a gay petticoat, low shoes with heels, and clocked stockings; a bodice of black velvet or scarlet silk, laced over a white muslin waist; a cap of white muslin, trimmed with bright ribbons. She stands in the centre of stage, facing audience, looking in dismay at her pail of milk lying upset at her feet. The pail is full of cotton-wool pulled very light, or a long strip of paper lying on the floor for a trail of spilt milk, will have the same effect.

EMPTY VESSELS MAKE GREAT NOISE.

THE scene is a schoolroom. Upon a bench, centre of stage, stands a fat, stupid looking boy, who is haranguing the others with a very important face and gesture. Upon the other benches are seated a number of boys mocking and laughing at the orator. One points to his head in derision, another yawns, another imitates the gesture and another laughs heartily. To left of foreground a boy holds up a large empty copper pot, and a stick, as if in the act of striking it, while his face expresses triumph; to the right of foreground, another boy is striking a similar pot full of water, but his face expresses disappointment. The boy with the

empty vessel seems to be striking lightly and easily, while the other seems throwing all his strength into the blow.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT TASTES SWEET.

THE scene is a dining-room. In the centre of background is a large side-board, open, displaying upon its shelves fruit-cakes, bottles of wine, tumblers of jelly, jars of preserved fruit, and other eatables. Two little boys are seated in centre of foreground with a basket of apples before them, from which they have filled their pockets, which are stuffed out with the fruit. Each holds an apple with a large piece bitten out, and they are looking at each other as if expressing their pleasure at the taste of the fruit. Just entering the door is the servant girl, who looks aghast at the boys and the open side-board.

THERE IS NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

THE scene is a parlor. In the centre of foreground, seated on the floor, are two little girls arranging flowers. Flowers are scattered on the floor beside them, and they have their laps filled with them. They are dressed in white, and wear wreathes and knots of flowers on their bosoms. Between them is a fancy basket half filled with roses. One of the little girls is looking at the basket, and holds a flower, as if hesitating where to place it; the other holds in one hand a red rose, but holds up the other hand to show a long red scratch made upon it with a thorn. In the centre of stage stands a table, upon which ribbons, baskets, wreaths, and loose flowers are tossed in careless, graceful profusion. Behind this table, facing audience, stands a boy, who is cutting the thorns off the stem of a white rose, with his penknife, before offering it to a little girl, who stands beside him with hand outstretched for the flower. To the right of background stand a young gentleman and lady, in polka attitude. They appear to be conversing earnestly and lovingly; the

gentleman is placing a ring upon the lady's finger, while his eyes look—all sorts of things.

Behind this couple, entirely unperceived by either the lady or the gentleman, is an elderly gentleman in gray wig and spectacles. He wears his overcoat and hat, as if he had just come in from the street. He looks furiously angry and raises his cane over the shoulders of the young gentleman. At the left of background stands a chair, upon which is a large earthen jar marked "Nuts." A little boy standing beside the chair is vainly trying to draw his hand through the mouth of the jar, while he looks round to see if his larceny and unpleasant predicament are discovered.

THEY ARE CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK.

THE stage is arranged as a lady's dressing room. In the centre, facing left, is a toilet, with a large mirror upon it. Upon this table stands a handsome pincushion, with shawl-pins, breast-pins, belt-pins and common pins in it. Beside the pincushion stands an open jewel-box, with chains, rings, bracelets, and jewelled hair-pins scattered around it. On the same table are lying a bouquet, ball-book, embroidered handkerchief, fan, and pair of lady's white kid gloves. Scarfs, wreaths, knots of ribbon, tastefully contrasting in color, are also lying upon the table, or hanging from the frame of the mirror. Chairs stand in the room, covered with drapery. One has an opera cloak and hood upon it; another a handsome silk dress, with a shawl thrown carelessly over it; a third a rich morning wrapper and embroidered skirt. Facing the mirror, profile to audience, stands a lady in full evening dress. She is looking at her own reflection with an air of satisfied vanity; one hand arranges a flower in her head-dress, while the other sweeps back the folds of her dress. To the left of foreground stands a chair, tied to which is a small toy mirror. Before this glass is standing a little girl. She wears a white muslin dress, over which she has tied a scarf, like a sash, and on her head she

has placed one of her mamma's head-dresses. With exactly the same expression and attitude, as the older lady, she is arranging her wreath and pushing back the folds of her short dress. Centre of background is a door. Entering the room, by this door, are the father, and a lad of about fifteen or sixteen in full evening dress, the height of the prevailing fashion, white kid gloves, and curled hair. Each carries an opera-hat. The father carefully adjusts his pet curl, with his right hand, and the son adjusts his in precisely the same attitude. Both must be dressed handsomely, and the costumes must be exactly alike, while the disparity in age and stature must be as great as possible. Both have a self-satisfied smirk, and carry themselves with a self-important air. To the right of foreground stand the valet and lady's maid, half hidden from the family by the mirror on toilet table. The valet is pointing to the father and son, and whispering to the maid, with an air of derision, while she, laughing heartily, points to the mother and daughter, as if still further illustrating the proverb.

LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

THE scene is a parlor. In the centre of foreground are seated two young ladies, handsomely dressed, who are conversing very earnestly, and with much gesture. To the left of foreground is a closet, from the half-open door of which an old woman is peeping out, and shaking her fist at the two girls.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

THE scene must represent the extreme of poverty. A poor bed is standing centre of stage, as if rudely pulled from its place near the wall; near the door stands a rude table with two broken chairs upon it, and on the floor is a broken dish and some pieces of bread and meat. A work-basket lies upset at right of foreground; the chest of drawers is

pulled from the wall; the whole scene is to indicate a seizure of furniture for rent. In the centre of the room stand two constables, who are lifting from an easy chair an old woman, who raises her clasped hands as if imploring pity. The mother is kneeling at left of foreground, as if praying, while her arms encircle a little girl, who is weeping bitterly. At right of foreground a gentleman stands, as if he had just entered, who holds an open pocket book in his hand, and is speaking to another man, the landlord, who shows him a bill. The landlord raises his hand to stop the constables, who look round at him, for further instructions. A young girl, in a mean dress, is looking gratefully at the gentleman paying the rent, while a little boy runs towards his mother, pointing to their friend, and trying to rouse her attention to the good news.

The more ragged the children that can be crowded in, in every attitude of want and distress, the more effective the tableau; and a husband lying drunk in one corner, is also very effective.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

THE scene is a parlor. A lady dressed in rich material, but carelessly, with disordered hair, and shoes down at the heel, sits beside a table, portioning out money into different envelopes. Some of these envelopes, directed in a large bold hand, are placed so as to be seen by audience. One is directed to the "Soldier's Mission," another to "African Fund Society," another to "South Sea Mission Fund," another "Sandwich Island Society." Two dirty, forlorn looking children, right of foreground are quarrelling over a piece of bread. A gentleman, shabbily dressed, sits disconsolately at left of foreground, looking over a pile of unreceipted house bills. The money on the table must be sorted into piles, with an envelope upon each pile. Tracts and circulars are scattered on the table, and on the floor near it. At the door a beggar woman is trying to enter, while the

servant is keeping her out, pointing to the mistress, and seeming to say it is useless to beg of her.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

THE scene is a farm kitchen. A large table stands centre of stage, and behind this, facing audience, is a young girl dressed as a dairy-maid, working butter. In one hand she holds a small wooden paddle. Her face is full of mischief. Behind her, on tiptoe, is a young man in a farmer's dress, his arms extended and his lips set for a kiss; he is leaning forward. The girl holds the paddle so as to show the audience she means to slip it between her face and her lover's when he attempts to kiss her. To the right of foreground stands a little boy looking ruefully at a broken cup at his feet, from which the milk is pouring out upon the floor. To the left of foreground a little girl is raising an apple to her mouth, while behind her a big boy is leaning forward, his hand open to catch away the fruit before it reaches her mouth.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

THE scene is a parlor, and the performers are arranged in three groups. To the right of the foreground, a lady in full evening dress, is seated upon a sofa. She has just extended her hand to a handsomely-dressed officer, who is taking it with a confident air, as if pleased, but not surprised. To the left of foreground, another lady, also seated, is turning away contemptuously from a suitor, who stands embarrassed, holding his hat awkwardly, and looking with timid, imploring eyes at the fair scornful one. In the centre of room, a lady, very handsomely dressed, with a gay coquettish air, is accepting a ring from a tall dashing looking gentleman, who offers it with easy confidence, while just moving away, with an air of utter despair, is another shy suitor, looking hopelessly at a bouquet he is afraid to offer.

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.

THE scene is a young ladies' boarding-school. Centre of background is the teacher's desk, upon a raised platform. Seated at this, facing audience, is a young girl, who is ringing a bell, and holding up a ruler as if to enforce silence. Nobody pays the least attention to her. The other scholars are all grouped in different attitudes for mischief and idleness. Two at one desk have a doll, and are discussing a bonnet for it. Two more are writing a billet, and the direction on the envelope, "James Lee, Esq.," must be turned to audience. Two more are dividing a large cake, with a paper-folder. Two more are reading Byron's Poems, the book held so that the audience may read the title. Two more are at the blackboard, upon which one is drawing a caricature of a very prim looking lady, with a book in one hand, and a ruler in the other. Just entering the door, is the teacher, unperceived by any of the scholars. Behind her is an elderly gentleman, who, laughing heartily, seems reminding her of the proverb.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

THE scene is an attic, where a poor author sits at a table. His ink has upset over his his last sheet of paper, and is dripping down upon a clean shirt upon a chair near the table. A servant, just entering the door with a tray, has dropped the dinner upon the floor, and stands looking at the scattered dishes. The landlady stands at the right hand of the author, holding out a bill; a gentleman stands at left of author, with another bill; he is dripping wet, and holds a wet umbrella from which the water is lying in a puddle directly over a pile of manuscript, on the floor near the table. A young girl stands behind the author with his coat in her hand, showing him a long tear in the back. The author has both hands to his head, his fingers rumpling his

hair, and causing it to to stand on end; he looks perfectly crazy with the accumulation of misfortune. All the others are urging their claims upon him with threatening gestures.

ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.

THE scene is a dining-room. In the centre stands a table, upon which is a large dish, with lobster salad, or some other showy food upon it. Two plates are set. Before one, facing audience, a gentleman is seated, eating, with the greatest relish, of the dish, which he also seems urging upon his companion. The second gentleman turns from the table with an expression of the greatest disgust, holding his nose, and pushing the plate before him as far away as possible.

THE MORE THE MERRIER; THE FEWER THE BETTER FARE.

THE scene represents a school-room during recess. To the right and left of foreground are desks, and upon each of the two desks is a pound cake. To the right, a boy is dividing the cake, which is cut up into small pieces; round him stand as many boys as the strength of the dramatic force will allow; some of them munching their cake, some waiting their turn, but all in the highest good humor, and appear to be laughing, joking and enjoying themselves very much. To the left two boys have divided the other cake between them, and are eating it, but look sour and discontented.

BETTER BE AN OLD MAN'S DARLING THAN A YOUNG MAN'S SLAVE.

THE scene is a parlor. Right of foreground is a young lady seated upon a sofa in a negligent attitude. She is dressed very richly, wears jewels, and carries a beautiful fan. Kneeling at her feet, holding an open jewel case, in which

is a parure of diamonds, is an old man, handsomely dressed, but very infirm, He is offering the diamonds with an air of humble devotion, while he raises one of the lady's hands to his lips; she looks at the jewels with an air of indifference and languor. Left of foreground is a large arm-chair, in which a young gentleman is seated. He wears a richly embroidered dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and has his feet extended upon a footstool. His expression is that of anger, and one hand is raised threateningly to a young lady, standing in front of him. She has a waiter in her hand, upon which are cigars, a bottle and tumbler, some lemons, sugar and spoon. Her dress is very plain, and her eyes red as if from crying. She stands in a timid way, her head drooping, and eyes cast down, as if terrified at the scolding she is receiving.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

A GOOD humorous tableau may be made of this proverb. The scene is a miserable room, with every mark of poverty in its arrangement. Near an open window, centre of background, stands a table, before which is seated a miserably dressed man. He is old, shabby and infirm. Upon the table is a large pile of pennies, over which the miser is spreading out his hands, while flying out of the window, as if just caught up by a breeze, are a number of bank notes, with £ marked conspicuously against the figures. A very fine thread attached to the paper notes and the window curtain, will be invisible to the audience, while it will hold the notes up in mid air, as if blowing away. The miser must be stretched out over the pennies, looking with dismay at the notes.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

THE scene represents a handsomely-furnished drawing-room. The ladies taking the principal parts must consent

to have their faces made as ugly as paint and crow's feet will permit. One standing in centre of room is very tall and very thin, with a red nose, gray hair, crow's feet and wrinkles on her face. She wears an extremely handsome dress, cut with low neck and short sleeves, in the height of the prevailing fashion, and very richly trimmed; a head-dress of flowers, and a profusion of jewelry complete the costume. She is standing, with an air of silly affectation, listening to a gentleman, who appears struck with admiration at her appearance. The other lady, short and fat, has a broad red face, vulgar and wrinkled. She is also extravagantly dressed, but seated profile to audience, at left of foreground. A gentleman is leaning over the chair, and raises her hand to his lips, but turns away his face to conceal a smile of derision.

IT IS DANGEROUS PLAYING WITH EDGE-TOOLS.

THE scene is a carpenter's shop. Centre of stage is a bench upon which are carpenter's tools. A little boy is standing centre of foreground, profile to audience, holding in one hand a chisel, and the other hand raised displaying a long cut. One foot is lifted as if in pain, and the face expresses agony.

CHARADES IN TABLEAUX.

INNOCENT.

TABLEAU I.—INN.

THE scene is the drawing room of an inn. At the table are seated travellers in every variety of travelling costume, all appearing to be eating hastily. The door is centre of background, and standing open shows the sign swinging against the door-post. Just entering the door, is the driver of the stage-coach, his horn in one hand, and his whip in the other, announcing that he is ready to start. Near the table, as if waiting upon the guests, stands the landlord, in his white apron, the landlady, and their daughter, who is coquettishly dressed, and is listening smilingly to one of the gentleman travellers, who seem to be complimenting her. Standing at left of foreground, and scowling angrily at the pretty daughter of the house, is a young man in a rustic dress.

TABLEAU II.—NO.

SCENE is a parlor, handsomely furnished. To the right of foreground is seated an old lady, to the left an old gentleman. Kneeling before the old lady is a young girl, with clasped hands, who seems to be praying for some boon. Standing before the old gentleman is a young man, who points to the kneeling girl, and seems to be pleading for her. Both the old people turn away from the young suppliants, with their lips set as if saying no.

TABLEAU III.—CENT.

THE scene is a parlor richly furnished; in the centre of the room, stands a very small child, dressed as a beggar. She is stooping, and has just picked up from the floor a cent,

which she displays to audience, with her whole face beaming with pleasure. Entering the door, centre of background, are a lady and child richly dressed. The child seems starting forward as if to claim the beggar child's prize, and the mother holding her back seems reproving her for her greediness.

TABLEAU IV.—INNOCENT.

THE scene is a parlor, with the whole space left in the centre. In the centre of foreground is a crimson velvet cushion, upon the floor, upon which is placed a sleeping infant, in long white robes. The light should be very dim, and no other figure upon the stage. Low, soft music adds very much to the effect of this scene.

PATCHWORK.

TABLEAU I.—PATCH.

THE scene is a parlor, where a number of boys are congregated. Two, centre of stage, are making a kite; two, right of foreground, are playing chess; two, left of foreground, are examining a bat and ball; two, left of background, are reading; two, right of background, are playing jack-straws. All are nicely dressed, and present the appearance of boys in good circumstances. Entering the door is another boy, meanly dressed, with a large black patch upon the knee of a pair of light pantaloons. He looks ashamed and uneasy. All the other boys are looking up from their several employments, and each one points with the forefinger of his right hand at the patch, while they are all laughing heartily.

TABLEAU II.—WORK.

THE scene is a large workshop, where a whole family are carrying on different trades. Centre of room is a large table, where the father is seated cross-legged, making a pair of pantaloons, while on the table are scattered a tailor's tools. Right of centre the mother is making a dress; left of centre

the eldest daughter is trimming a bonnet; left of foreground the son, on a cobbler's bench, is mending a boot; right of foreground, another son is mending a chair; centre of background, another daughter is sweeping the room; while entering the door is a little errand boy with a large bundle in his hands. Each performer must appear to be intent on his or her work.

TABLEAU III.—PATCHWORK.

THE scene is a poorly-furnished room. Centre of stage is a large arm-chair, in which is seated the grandmother. She wears a black silk dress, white muslin kerchief pinned over the breast, muslin cap and spectacles. At her feet is seated a little girl, in a calico dress, and white apron, fitting a square upon a long strip of patch-work. The grandmother bends over the child as if superintending the work.

SONGSTRESS.

TABLEAUX I.—SONGS.

THE scene represents a fancy fair. Two tables run down the sides of the room, and one occupies centre. Centre table is covered with fancy articles, and a young lady, dressed in white, with a broad blue sash and scarlet ribbons in her hair, is acting as saleswoman; she is offering a sheet of music—a song—to a gentleman, who seems about to purchase it. Left of foreground another table, also covered with fancy articles, is tended by a young lady dressed in the national colors, who is selling to a little boy two of the penny songs in sheets, holding them so that the audience can see the titles. Right of foreground another table, tended by a young lady, dressed as the two first, is selling to a little girl a "Book of Songs." The saleswomen and customers in background may be arranged to suit the taste of the performers and strength of the company.

TABLEAU II.—TRESS.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of stage is a sofa, drawn

up to face audience; upon the sofa are seated a lady and gentleman. The lady is in evening dress, and wears her hair in curls. The gentleman, with a curl in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, seems about severing the tress of hair, while the lady holds up her hand as if to prevent him. A humorous scene may be made of this, by the gentleman's detaching a set of false Grecian curls, which are coming off in his hand, while the lady, in dismay, tries to hold them up.

TABLEAU III.—SONGSTRESS.

THE scene represents a parlor, during an evening party. In the centre is a table, round which two ladies and three gentlemen are grouped with pictures and books in their hands. Right of background, a lady and gentleman on a sofa are flirting over a bouquet; left of foreground, two gentlemen stand as if conversing; left of foreground, a lady and gentleman are standing as if conversing. Right of foreground, a lady is seated, facing audience, with a guitar in her hands, while other ladies and gentlemen stand around her. Her head is thrown back and her mouth wide open, while she holds her breath to give the effect of straining for a very high note. All the others in the room are looking at her, some faces expressing admiration, some surprise, and some consternation. Well grouped, this tableau is very funny.

DRAMATIC.

TABLEAU I.—DRAM.

THE scene is a bar-room. The counter runs across background, and behind it stands the landlord, who is pouring liquor from a bottle. In front of the bar, profile to audience, stands a ragged, dirty looking man, who extends his hand for the glass the landlord is filling. Right of foreground, two men are seated at a little table, and are touching glasses. Left of foreground, four men are seated at a table, playing cards.

TABLEAU II.—ATTIC.

THE scene is an attic, exhibiting the extreme of poverty. Centre of stage is a table, at which a shabby-looking man is writing busily; right of centre, a poorly-dressed woman is sewing upon a shirt; right of foreground, a ragged girl is rocking a broken, miserable cradle, in which lies a sleeping baby; left of foreground, a ragged little boy is trying to catch together a long rent in his coat. Make the scene as poverty-stricken as is possible.

TABLEAU III.—DRAMATIC

THE scene is the green-room of a theatre, and the performers must muster in full strength and in every variety of costume. Centre of stage, Richard the Third, in full suit of black velvet, with his hump in view, kneels before a coquettishly-dressed village girl, who is blackening his eyebrows with a hare's foot. Left of background, Lady Macbeth, in long white wrapper, and loosened hair, is accepting a bouquet from Tony Lumpkin, who wears leather-colored tights and breeches, a scarlet vest and white shirt. Right of background, Hamlet in black velvet, is seated on a low stool, both ears stopped with his fingers, his eyes fastened on an open book upon his knees, and his lips set as if studying his part. Right of foreground, two sailors are practising a fencing scene. Left of foreground, King Lear is whispering something very tender in the ear of Juliet. Other performers, all costumed in stage attire, are grouped in the scene, according to their own taste.

SWEETHEART.

TABLEAU I.—SWEET.

THE stage is fitted up to represent a pantry, with jars of preserved fruit, jams and jellies upon the shelves. Centre of stage is a table, upon which stand bowls of sugar, tumblers of jelly and a cake. Behind this are two little girls, facing

audience, one cutting the cake, the other eating lumps of sugar. In front of table, seated on the floor, facing audience, is the smallest boy who will sit still, with a large jar, marked "Jam," between his knees. One hand is in the jar, the other arm embraces it, while he peeps inside, over the edge. Left of background, a little boy is pouring from a bottle, marked "Sweet Currant Wine," into a tumbler; behind him, standing upon a chair, is a little girl, who is taking from a high shelf a jar, marked "Sweet Pickle." Left of foreground a little girl is seated, eating a large piece of pie; right of foreground, another little girl is opening a box, marked "Cake." All the children face audience. Centre of background, an open door, at which stand an elderly lady and gentleman, and a young lady and gentleman. The two first hold up their hands in horror; the others are laughing heartily.

TABLEAU II.—HEART.

THE scene is a parlor on St. Valentine's Day. Centre of room is a table, at which is seated a young lady, absorbed in a letter, the fancifully decorated envelope lying at her feet. Right of background, another young lady, standing upon a chair, holds a letter high above her head, while a gentleman beside her tries to reach it. Left of background a negro waiter is entering carrying a pile of letters upon a salver. Right of foreground, a little boy is seated on the floor, writing an address upon an envelope, which he holds upon a book. The envelope has a large heart in one corner. Left of foreground, a little girl holds up, for the others to see, an open sheet, with an immense red heart, transfixed with an arrow, painted upon it. The words, "St Valentine offers you his heart," are written in large characters underneath the heart.

TABLEAU III.—SWEETHEART.

A GARDEN scene is the prettiest for this tableau, but if that is difficult to arrange, a parlor scene will do. The performers should be children as young as can be trained for the

parts. Two only are on the stage, and stand centre of the room. The little girl is dressed in a fanciful peasant's costume; a short scarlet petticoat; red and blue clocked stockings; black slippers, with bows of scarlet ribbon. The dress of dark blue woolen is looped to show the petticoat, and laced in front to show a white muslin body under its peasant waist. A pretty straw hat, with a broad brim, is held on by a gay handkerchief over it, pinned under the chin. She holds a bouquet in one hand, and in the other a single flower which she offers to her little lover. The boy is dressed as a sailor. Full white pantaloons, black pumps, a blue woolen shirt trimmed on the broad collar with white stars, and a black necktie tied in a large sailor's knot, form his costume. His right arm is round his sweetheart's waist, and while his left hand takes the offered flower, he leans forward to kiss her cheek, which she holds just out of his reach. Right of foreground is a pretty work-basket, with sewing and knitting in it. Left of foreground is a sailor's hat, and a bundle in a handkerchief, tied to a stick.

COURTSHIP.

TABLEAU I.—COURT.

THE scene represents the trial of Effie Deans. Centre of background, the judge, in full black silk robes, white wig and spectacles, is seated, facing audience, upon a raised platform, beside him three other judges dressed as he is. In front of the platform a table, at which are seated lawyers, in white wigs and loose dresses, writing. A rail runs across. Left of foreground, profile to audience, Effie Deans is trying to escape from two soldiers, who hold her back from rushing to the group at right of foreground. Right of foreground Jennie Deans is bending over the prostrate figure of the father, who lies senseless upon the floor. The large steel-plate engraving of the trial will be the best guide for amateurs in arranging this tableau. If not practicable, introduce any scene in a court; the trial of Pick-

wick makes a good scene, if the performers are humorously inclined.

TABLEAU II.—SHIP.

THE scene is a room in a cottage. Centre of room is a table, upon which stands the model of a ship, full rigged. On one side of the table is seated an old sailor, who is pointing to the ship, as if explaining it to two boys, who stand at the other side of the table, admiring the model.

TABLEAU III.—COURTSHIP.

THE scene is a parlor. Seated upon a sofa, centre of foreground, is a lady, old and ugly, but dressed in the extreme of youthful fashion, and wearing a profusion of jewelry. Kneeling at her feet is a very shabby young gentleman, his coat buttoned up to his chin, and his clothes worn and rusty. He appears to be making the most vehement declaration of love, while the lady looks bashfully away, and holds a fan before her face. Centre of background stand a young lady and gentleman, as if just entering. The young lady wears a garden-hat, and carries some flowers. The gentleman appears to be starting forward to interrupt the courtship in foreground; he looks angry; the lady holds him back, looking into his face as if coaxing him to good humor.

KNAPSACK.

TABLEAU I.—NAP.

THE scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. Right of foreground is a large arm-chair, in which is seated an old woman, profile to audience. She wears a black dress, shawl pinned over the bosom, spectacles and white muslin cap. In her right hand is a ball of yarn, in her left the thread connecting the ball with the skein. Upon her lap is lying a half knit stocking, upon which her hands have fallen, crossed. Her head droops forward upon her breast, and her eyes are closed. She is an old woman taking a nap while winding

her yarn. Left of foreground, opposite to and facing the old lady, is a little boy in the dress of a country boy. Upon his outstretched hands he holds an enormous hank of yarn, and looks disconsolately at the idle ball. Centre of background, at an open door, are children holding up balls, tops and apples to coax the little skein-holder from his post.

TABLEAU II.—SACK.

THE scene represents a barn. In the background are piled up sacks of apples and potatoes, while in the foreground a party of mischievous boys are collected. One of them holds open the mouth of a large sack of apples; each of the others has secured an apple, excepting one, who is crawling into the open sack—he is in, and the boys are grouped to show that they mean to tie up the mouth of the sack; one holds the string ready, another leans forward to help the one holding the sack open, and all are laughing. In the background the farmer is just entering, softly, with a large whip in his hand. The boys do not see him.

TABLEAU III.—KNAPSACK.

HERE the scene is again the kitchen of a farm-house, where the family is engaged in fitting out the volunteer. To the right, standing erect, his musket grasped in his right hand, his left arm clasping his wife, who is weeping on his breast, stands a man in the private's costume of the United States Army. His eyes are bent upon his wife, full of love, while his attitude and the firm grasp of his gun show his resolve to go. Near him, seated on the floor and playing with his canteen, is a little girl, while in the centre of foreground, upon the floor, is his open knapsack. The old mother, kneeling beside it, is putting in his Bible, the father stands with his hands full of stockings, shirts, and other necessaries, while to the left, two sisters are gathering from a table the other articles to fill the knapsack. Children are very good in this tableau, and there is plenty of room for effective dresses. The little old man and woman can wear the dress of the last cen-

tury, the girls pretty country costumes, and the soldier-boy the blue uniform of the present day—or, the whole scene may be made to represent an event in the Revolution, with the young soldier in full Continental uniform, and the other characters in the dress of that day. If the costumes can be obtained, the latter is by far the best for effect, and an old flag with the thirteen stars may be held by a child in the background. Music, as "Hail Columbia," or the "Star Spangled Banner," if the performer is concealed, will add very much to the effect of the scene.

MAY QUEEN.

TABLEAU I.—MAY.

LET the furniture be removed from the stage, and the background draped with white, looped with garlands of flowers and leaves; the floor, covered with white, and flowers scattered over it. One single figure represents May. A beautiful blond should be selected. Let her wear pure white; the dress long, full, and floating. Her hair should fall free, either in curls or waving ripples, and a wreath of delicate flowers rest on her head; flowers should appear to fall all about her, in her hair and on her dress (small pins, or a few stitches of thread will fasten them); her hands are raised, her eyes uplifted, as if she were just about to rise and soar away. The writer has seen a lovely child so dressed and standing, and the tableau was as beautiful as can be imagined.

TABLEAU II.—QUEEN.

THE celebrated historical scene of Raleigh spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to step upon, makes here a most effective tableau. Let the group of attendants, maids of honor and courtiers be as large as the wardrobe of the company will allow. Queen Bess, in the centre of the stage, should be a little girl with red hair. She wears the high ruff, small crown, and long train of the famous sovereign; at her feet kneels Raleigh, spreading his velvet cloak before her.

He wears the courtier's dress of the time. The queen, smiling, lifts her robe with one hand, and extends the other to wave her thanks to the courtier. A full description of the scene may be found in Scott's Kenilworth, and the costumes should be prepared from pictures of the times.

TABLEAU III.—MAY QUEEN.

In the centre of stage is a throne, with an arch of flowers above it, and seated upon this is the May queen. She wears white, and holds a sceptre of a long-stemmed lily or branch of tuberose. At her right, one foot on the upper step of the platform of the throne, one on the step lower, is another young girl in pink, who holds the crown of roses over the May queen's head. Kneeling at the left, before the throne, is a third little girl in pale blue, who offers a basket of flowers. A group of children, boys and girls, in light dresses, trimmed with flowers, the boys wearing wreaths on their hats, the girls flowers in their hair and on their dresses, are standing round the throne, their hands joined and forming a circle, as if just dancing round the newly-crowned queen.

HAT-BAND.

TABLEAU I.—HAT.

The scene is a parlor. In the foreground (centre), facing the audience, is a very little girl, dressed in white. Long yellow curls and blue eyes are the prettiest for effect. She is trying on a man's hat, and holding it up from falling down on her shoulders, with both hands. Two other children to the left are laughing at her, while, to the right, just entering, are a lady and gentleman. The former is in a home dress, the latter is in street costume, with overcoat and cane, but without any hat. The lady holds up her finger to silence the laughing children, while the gentleman stoops over the little thief, with his arms outstretched to prison her, and his lips ready for the kiss she has forfeited.

TABLEAU II.—BAND.

THE background has a balcony window in the centre. (A very effective one may be made by placing a fender on a large table, with two upright posts at each end, placed about two feet apart. Drape from these heavy crimson curtains, looped up, and put a bar across for the window-frame.) At the window are two little girls wrapped in large shawls, as if just awakened by the music. In the foreground seven little boys represent the serenade band. One blows a penny trumpet, the second has a pair of bone clappers, the third a toy drum, the fourth a toy fife, the fifth a tambourine, the sixth a toy violin, and the seventh an immense trombone. They all carry sheets of music, are wrapped in long cloaks, and wear large slouch hats. The stage must be darkened, except the light given by seven candles, held one behind each performer by his servant, dressed as a negro-valet. These seven boys, with black faces and hands, dressed in absurd negro costume, must be grinning with delight at their masters' performance. One of the little girls at the window leans forward, holding a bouquet over the balcony front, while the other points with dismay to a tall figure of a woman, who is seen behind the window, holding up a bucket of water to deluge the juvenile serenaders.

TABLEAU III.—HAT-BAND.

HERE the same scene and performers as are in the first tableau appear again. The little girl seated on the floor has a long garland of flowers, which she is going to wreath round the hat. A second little girl is cutting off the hat-band with a pair of scissors, while a third holds the hat for the operation. The little one on the floor has her lap full of flowers, and holds one end of the garland up in front of the hat to try the effect; the one who holds the hat kneels to her right; and between them, stands, stooping, the one who has the scissors. Laughing, in the background, are the lady and

gentleman mentioned before; she springing forward to save the hat, he holding her back.

NEWSBOY.

TABLEAU I.—NEWS.

THE scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. In the centre of the stage is a large old-fashioned chair, in which is seated an old man, in the naval or military costume of 1812. (Borrow somebody's heirlooms.) To his left is a table, upon which stands a jug of ale and a plate of apples. The old man's left arm rests upon the table, his hand up to his ear to help his hearing; his right hand rests upon a cane held between his knees, and his whole attitude is one of listening. To his right, in foreground, is seated a little boy reading from a newspaper. To the left, in front of the table, stands a little girl, her hands clasped together, looking intently at the reader; leaning over the old man, one hand on the back of his chair, one on the table, is a young girl, whose face is anxious, and attitude one of painful attention. Against the wall, above her head, hangs the portrait of a soldier.

TABLEAU II.—BOY.

THE scene represents a school-room, with an open door to the left of background. In the centre of stage is the school-master's desk, and one of the boys is seated on the stool behind it, holding up a ruler in laughing menace. Part of the boys are ranged in front of the desk for recitation; and one poor fellow, with his face tied up, is seated on a stool by the master's desk, studying. In the centre of foreground is a timid-looking boy—the *new boy*—who, with folded hands and frightened face, is being victimized. A group of boys are around him. One is inking a fierce moustache on his upper lip; another puts a fool's-cap on his head; a third has taken his cap, and is putting a tall feather into it; a fourth is stealing the luncheon out of his satchel; a fifth

draws a caricature of him on a slate; a sixth points his finger and laughs at him, while a seventh, kneeling, is turning his toes in. Through the open door in the background, the schoolmaster is seen conversing with the new boy's mother, who is paying him some money, while the little sister peeps round the door-post to see the school-room.

TABLEAU III.—NEWSBOY.

ONLY one figure is required for this scene. A boy in the ragged dress of a newsboy, with a shabby cap, and toes peeping out of his boots, is seated on the floor in the centre of foreground. On the floor beside him is a pile of papers, and a half-eaten apple; in the front of him on the floor is a pile of pennies, which he is engaged in counting. A boy in the dark Italian style of beauty, with black eyes, dressed in a red shirt, with colored stockings, and without any jacket, makes the best effect.

HORNPIPE.

TABLEAU I.—HORN.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of room, facing audience, stands a large arm-chair, in which is seated an invalid lady. She wears a white wrapper, white lace cap, and has a large shawl wrapped around her. Her feet are upon a footstool, and behind her is a large white pillow. At her right hand is a small table upon which are bottles, cups, spoons, an orange, tumblers of jelly, and a book. At her left is a chair, upon which the doctor is seated; in one hand he holds the lady's wrist, in the other his watch, the invalid's disengaged hand is raised to her forehead, as if distracted with noise. Both the doctor and the invalid are looking toward right of stage. Right of stage, foreground, is a very little boy, with short white trousers, bare legs, short socks, pumps, a velvet jacket and lace collar, who holds to his mouth, with both hands, an immense tin horn. A very small boy and a very large horn. The boy's cheeks are puffed out as if blowing,

and his legs are stretched apart as if strutting into the room. Behind him, her arms stretched out to catch him, her face expressing dismay, is a woman in the white cap, white apron, and bright dress of a French nurse.

TABLEAU II.—PIPE.

THE scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room is a small table, upon which stand a pitcher, two pewter mugs, and a plate of apples. Seated at each side of this table, facing the audience, is a farmer. They wear plain homespun suits. One is just lifting a cup to his lips as if drinking. The other is looking up, smiling, to a young girl, filling a pipe, and holds out one hand for it. The girl wears a bright chintz dress and coquettish little cap. She stands behind the table, facing audience. One hand holds a clay pipe, and with the forefinger of the other hand, she is pressing tobacco into the bowl. Both farmers are elderly men, the girl young and pretty.

TABLEAU III.—HORNPIPE.

THE scene is again the kitchen of a farm-house. The centre of the room is cleared, but at both sides stand as many country folks, in pretty peasant dresses, as can well be raised in the corps of performers. Centre of room, one hand raised to his hat, one arm a kimbo, and hand on the hip, is a sailor in one of the attitudes of the hornpipe. If there is a good dancer in the dramatic force, the dance itself may be introduced here.

BRICKBAT.

TABLEAU I.—BRICK.

LET these tableaux be entrusted entirely to the boys. The scene for the first, is an Irishman's cabin. The table is spread for supper, centre of room. Paddy, seated on the floor, centre of foreground, has at his side a hod, in which is one brick. He takes it out with one hand, while with

the other he points to a pile of bricks in the corner of the room. The thieving hod carrier wears corduroy trousers, low shoes, woolen stockings, a flannel shirt, knit jacket and felt hat, and is covered with brick dust.

TABLEAU II.—BAT.

THE scene is a large empty space, out-door, if possible, where eight boys stand for a game of base-ball. The ninth stands centre of foreground, and holds in his hand a bat snapped in two. All the faces express disappointment.

TABLEAU III.—BRICKBAT.

THE scene is the street. Right of foreground stands a gentleman, handsomely dressed, holding one foot in his hand, and in the other hand a large brickbat. His face and attitude express angry pain. Running off, extreme right of background, is a ragged boy, his finger on his nose as he looks centre of stage. Centre of stage a policeman has just collared another ragged boy, and shakes his stick at the one retreating. The captured boy is crying and trying to escape.

BOOKWORM.

TABLEAU I.—BOOK.

THE scene represents a young lady's school on exhibition day. Centre of background is a platform, upon which are seated two lady and two gentleman teachers. Right of stage is a row of chairs upon which visitors, ladies and gentlemen, are seated. Left of stage, another row of chairs, upon which are seated young ladies dressed in white with broad blue sashes. Centre of platform, profile to audience, facing each other, the principal of the school and a young lady are standing. She wears white with a crimson sash, and wreath of flowers. He wears a black suit and spectacles. The principal is handing to the scholar a large handsomely bound book.

TABLEAU II.—WORM.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of room stands a group of three persons. The figure to the right is a gentleman handing a bouquet to a young lady, who is the central figure, and fainting into the arms of another gentleman standing, left, who supports her with one arm, while with the forefinger of his disengaged hand he points to a long worm on her dress, looking at the first gentleman angrily, as if the worm had dropped from the bouquet. The gentlemen are dressed in black, the lady wears a white dress, and the worm must be conspicuously large and black.

TABLEAU III.—BOOKWORM.

THE scene is a library. Upon the sides of the room are book cases filled with books. Centre of stage stands a large table completely covered with large volumes, piled at each end, but leaving the centre space clear for one very large volume, which lies open. Chairs stand in the room, piled with book, and the floor is covered with similar piles. Behind the table, facing audience, is an elderly man, dressed in a ragged wrapper, shabby shirt, without collar or necktie, old slippers, hair long and disordered, reading. Both elbows are upon the table and both hands support his head, while his whole attention is absorbed in the volume open before him.

MADCAP.

TABLEAU I.—MAD.

THE scene is a cell, with stone sides. Gray muslin draped from the sides will produce this effect. Right of background a mattress is upon the floor, covered with a check quilt. Left of background stands a table and chair; upon the former a pitcher, and plate of bread. Centre of foreground, seated upon the floor facing audience, is a woman dressed in white, stocking feet, hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, and a face pallid and haggard. She has a chain round her

waist, which fastens her to the wall behind the mattress. She is playing with some straws, but looks up with a bewildered, terrified expression.

TABLEAU II.—CAP.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of room, facing audience, is a very little girl dressed in white, who is putting on her head a very gay old woman's cap.

TABLEAU III.—MADCAP.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of room is a table, with books, work-baskets and fancy articles in the greatest disorder. Right of foreground an old lady and gentleman are seated upon a sofa. The old lady holds in one hand a pair of spectacles, in the other a handkerchief. She has just put one finger, covered with the handkerchief, through the spectacle frame, and is looking with consternation at the vacant place where the glass ought to be. The old gentleman has in one hand a snuff-box, from which he is taking a pinch, holding the box so that the audience can see it is full of salt instead of snuff. Left of foreground a young lady is seated upon a sofa, with a piece of knitting in her hand, from which the needles have been drawn and the wool of which is entangled. Standing beside her, a young gentleman is wiping his forehead with a handkerchief that is smutty, and he has a long black streak upon his face. Centre of background, facing audience, laughing immoderately, stands a little girl, who points right and left of foreground, as if mocking the victimis of her mischief.

IDOL.

TABLEAU I.—EYE.

THE scene is a school-room. Some boys are seated at desks as if studying, some grouped together over slates as if drawing. Centre of background is the teacher's desk and chair, empty. Left of foreground, two boys are playing

with a blow-pipe. One kneels, facing audience, with a ball of putty, which he holds up to his companion. The other, profile to audience, has the pipe to his mouth, and his cheeks puffed out as if blowing. The pipe is aimed to right of background, where the teacher is just entering. One hand is placed over his eye, and the other doubled up to shake at the owner of the blow-pipe. His countenance expresses pain and rage.

TABLEAU II.—DOLL.

THE scene is a parlor. Centre of room is seated a little girl, with a large doll in her arms, which she is hushing to sleep. Beside her stands dolly's cradle.

TABLEAU III.—IDOL.

HERE the scene is an empty space in the centre of stage. There is no furniture, but centre of background stands a large hideous idol. A living figure can be dressed and placed upon a pedestal, but it must be as grotesque and horrible as possible. Standing right and left of idol, facing audience, are two priests in long white robes, with arabesque figures embroidered upon the hems, white veils fastened round the forehead with gold bands. Right and left of foreground are men and women in long robes of various colors, with head coverings of white cambric, all kneeling with their foreheads touching the ground.

MOTHER GOOSE TABLEAUX.

THESE tableaux are intended for the amusement of very little folks, who must act both as performers and guessers in the audience. For the holidays, either in the afternoon or evening, they will be found very amusing even for the older folks, who will doff their seniority for a time. One of our most scientific physicians was at such a performance, and owing to his well-known learning and dignified manner was condemned to sit in an upper room with some of the elder members of the family. After fidgeting for some time, and evidently listening to the gleeful laughter below with more interest than to his host's polite conversation, he suddenly turned to one of the ladies present—

"Pray, madam," he said, "how old are you?"

Seeing the fun in his eyes, she promptly replied:

"Six!"

"Well," he said, "I am ten. Let's go play with the rest of the children." And for the remainder of the evening he was the life of the entertainment.

So, you who read these articles, put your years in your pocket, and remember they are written for "you and the rest of the children."

No scenery will be required, no curtain but the folding-doors, no properties that your housekeeping apparatus will not supply, no wardrobe but the nursery bureau, and no orchestra but the laugh and applause of your little folks.

TABLEAU I.

"Humpity, dumpity, my mammy's maid;
She stole oranges I am afraid;
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe!"

THE stage is arranged as a dining-room. Upon the table

(centre of stage) are the remains of the dessert, half-eaten pies, saucers, tumblers, bottles and plates, and, near the edge of the table, toward audience, a large dish of oranges. "My mammy's maid" stands between the table and the audience, profile to each. The little girl who takes this part must wear a chintz dress with full sleeves, fastening at the wrists, a large apron with pockets, a white cap and kerchief. The apron pockets are full of oranges, and she is stuffing two into her sleeve. Just entering the door is a little boy, who points triumphantly to the maid (he must be behind her). He looks very mischievous, and appears to be advancing on tip-toe to catch her. If the audience, do not guess the rhyme, let the little boy sing it before the curtain falls.

TABLEAU II.

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'what a good boy am I!'"

THE stage is arranged as a family sitting-room. In the centre is a table. One little girl, with spectacles and cap, is the nurse, sitting at the table sewing. The baby lies asleep in a cradle. In the right hand corner of foreground, facing audience, his feet stretched far apart, Jack Horner is seated on the floor, with the pie between his knees. He wears short socks, and short trousers, a blouse and large collar. One hand holds up the crust of the pie, while the other holds over his head a large raisin. A very small boy, with a very large pie, has the best effect.

TABLEAU III.

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do;

She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed."

SOME little ingenuity is here required to make the shoe, but let the manager keep up a brave heart, and make the boys useful. First have a frame work made of wood in the shape of a shoe, standing up on end, the opening and instep toward audience. Cover this with black cambric, and make an immense white paper buckle. Between the sole and upper, thrust the heads of all the "crying babes" in the house, as it is too elevated a position for the "live stock." The old woman, a girl about fourteen, must wear a white cap, a pair of spectacles, a petticoat of red stuff, with the skirt of her chintz dress looped up over it, a white shawl pinned over her shoulders, and heeled shoes. In her hand she has a a large bunch of rods. She stands centre of stage, in front of the shoe, holding her bunch of rods over the head of a little boy, "just caught," in his night-gown, and night-cap, and barefoot, and rubbing his eyes with his clenched fists, his face "made up" for a yell. All the children wear their night-gowns and wraps. One, right of foreground, is seated on the floor with a big bowl of soup between his knees, raising a spoon to his lips. One behind him, is leaning over with open mouth, as if waiting for his turn. Two are stealing into the shoe to escape the whipping. In short, have on the stage all the children you can muster, in various attitudes—some running away, some crying, some eating broth, and some hiding and peeping out behind the mammoth shoe.

TABLEAU IV.

"To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again,
Market is done."

HERE a very pretty market scene can be made. Have

five empty tables for stalls, two on each side of the room, one centre of background. In front of these put bushel baskets, empty tubs, and trays all empty. To the left of foreground, have a procession of the market people going home; one little girl in the high cap, stuff gown and white apron of the Dutch huckster; a little boy with a big butcher's apron; a little girl in a straw hat and stripped dress for a flower-girl; little boy in a countryman's dress; as many children, in short, as can be dressed up for hucksters, butchers, buttermen, pie and cake men. They are all leaving the empty stalls. Right of foreground, profile to audience, as if just entering the market, is a very little boy, with straw hat, blouse, and short trousers. In one hand he holds a penny. On the other arm is an enormous basket. He sings gleefully the first two lines of the verse. In deep tones, the market people, turning suddenly round to face him, sing the second, and then wheel into their first positions. The little boy's face changes to a look of dismay, and all stand motionless again until the curtain falls. The moving tableaux require rather expert performers to give the peculiar automaton jerks, like jumping Jacks moved by a string, but they can be made very funny. In this scene let every one of the market people raise the right arm, and drop it at the end of the verse. Raise it at "home," turning to face the child, drop it at "done," turning from him.

TABLEAU V.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

In the centre of background stands a large white pasteboard cross, with Banbury upon it in large black letters. About the centre of the stage, a little to the left, stands the rocking horse. Upon this is seated the old woman, who wears a high pointed black hat, with a white cap under it,

spectacles, heeled and buckled shoes, a short gown of chintz, and petticoat of red stuff. Her right hand falls down showing the number of rings, and from the toes of her shoes hang small brass bells. Between her and the cross, and between her and audience, are a number of children, astride of sticks or stick horses, with whips in their hands, who stand perfectly still, staring at the old woman.

TABLEAU VI.

"Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride.
He shall have little dog tied to one side;
He shall have pussy cat tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

REMOVE the cross from the preceding scene, and in its place put a work-table. At this table is seated the mother (Madame Mère had best join the rest of the children), sewing. The rocking horse, in its old place, is mounted by Master Johnny, in his short trousers and socks, and holding a big whip. To his belt are fastened two long strings, which are fastened at the other end, one to a cat, and the other to a curly dog (toys on wheels). In the corner of foreground, facing the horse, sits the grandmother. A basket of work is on the floor beside her; one hand holds the stocking she is knitting. She has both arms out to welcome Master John, coming to visit her. If there is no rocking horse in the nursery, a stick horse, or even a broom handle will do for Johnny's spirited steed.

TABLEAUX VII, VIII, IX.

"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife."

THE stage represents a kitchen, with a shelf across the background. In the centre of stage is a table, upon which is a hat and scarf. Upon the shelf are loaves of bread and

cheese, all overrun with rats and mice (made of lead-colored canton flannel, with black bead eyes, long horse-hair whiskers, and string tails, if the the little folks have not toy rats and mice). In the centre of foreground stands the bachelor, who, with a very rueful face, is putting on his overcoat before starting for London.

"The roads were so bad, the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

Scene same as before. The bachelor, with hat and scarf on, is just wheeling the barrow into the room (centre of foreground). In the wheelbarrow is seated a little girl, with a fashionable bonnet, cloak and dress, holding an open parasol over her head.

"The wheelbarrow broke and my wife had a fall.
Down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all."

By taking out the sides of the barrow, removing the wheel and tipping it over, the curtain rises again upon a melancholy wreck. The wife lies on the floor crying, the parasol fallen from her, and the late bachelor stands with raised hands and a face of dismay looking at the mischief.

TABLEAU X.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

If in the housekeeping furniture there is a "tuffet," so much the better, but if you, like me, have had your education so shockingly neglected, that the word is in an unknown tongue, you may use one of the nursery crickets for Miss Muffet's throne. Miss Muffet's hair (another of the deep mysteries of the popular author of the poem), must be in a

state of dire confusion—or as the nurses say, "all on end." She must be seated centre of stage, facing audience, with a large bowl of curds-and-whey in her lap. One hand holds the bowl, and the other the spoon. Close beside her is the dreadful animal, the "big spider." (Horrible looking spiders on spiral wires may be bought for a few pennies at any toy shop). Miss Muffet's face, full of terror, is turned to the spider, and she grasps the bowl and spoon as if about to run away.

TABLEAUX XI., XII.

"Sing a song o' sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?
The king was in the parlor, counting out his money."

In the centre of stage is a table, and upon it the wonderful pie in a large dish. The table is covered with a cloth that reaches to the floor. To the left of foreground is another smaller table, with money piled upon it. Behind this, facing audience, is a little boy, with the long robe and gilt paper crown of a king. One hand is over the money, the other raised as if listening, and his face, full of astonishment, is turned to the pie. Behind the centre table, facing audience, is another little boy with the white apron and cap of a cook. In his hands, upraised with wonder, are a knife and fork. His face expresses astonishment and wonder. Rising from the centre of the pie are the heads of the blackbirds, their mouths open. Concealed under the table is a little boy with a bird whistle, which he blows until the curtain falls.

"The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey,
The maid was out of doors, hanging up the clothes,
Along came a blackbird, and snapped off her nose."

The scene is a kitchen with half parted off to make a background scene. The clothes-horse stretched across, or a line with shawls hanging from it, divides a stage very nicely Leave an open door. In the foreground is a table, upon

which is placed a loaf of bread, plate and knife, and a large jar marked honey. The queen, in a long train, high collar ruff, and gilt crown, is seated before the table, just raising a slice of bread and honey to her lips. Through the door in background, the maid, in a neat dress and cap, is seen holding up a white apron as if hanging it on a line; at her feet is a basket of clothes. In the air above her, suspended from the ceiling, is an artificial or stuffed blackbird, with outstretched wings and open bill, flying at her face. She is starting back as if to save her threatened and doomed feature.

TABLEAU XIII.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So 'twixt them both, they cleared the cloth,
And licked the platter clean."

In the centre of the stage is a table covered with a white cloth. Upon this is a large empty meat dish, two plates, one with an immense piece of fat upon it, the other a piece of lean meat. These plates stand at each end of the table. In front of them, at either end, profile to audience, are seated Jack Sprat and his wife, a little boy and girl. The little boy wears a country dress of old fashion, large lay-down collar, swallow-tailed coat, and broad-brimmed hat. The wife has a cap, kerchief and stuff gown. In front of Jack is the plate of lean meat, in front of his wife the fat. Each holds a knife and fork, and appears to be eating with voracity. A pitcher, cups or tumblers, and bread may also stand upon the table.

TABLEAU XIV.

"See-saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw,
Sold her ease for a bed of dried grass,
To buy herself a looking-glass."

The stage is arranged as a meanly-furnished room, in the

centre of floor is thrown a large bundle of straw. Upon the rickety chair is a handsome dress, and upon a table a bonnet and shawl. Margery Daw is lying on the bundle of straw, fast asleep, covered with a large shawl. In the centre of background is a handsome mirror hanging on the wall.

TABLEAU XV.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London, to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you do there?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

One of the little boys must play pussy. His pasteboard mask, with large green eyes and long horse-hair whiskers, and his long tail of gray worsted scarf, will make him a ferocious beast. Upon his hands and knees, he must remain centre of foreground motionless. In the centre of background sits the queen upon her throne, surrounded by courtiers waiting for pussy to pay his respects. The Queen wears a gilt crown, holds a sceptre, and sits very erect. Her silk train sweeps the floor. Grouped around her are gayly dressed little boys and girls for courtiers. To the left of foreground stands a chair, and under this is the poor frightened little mouse at whom pussy is lifting one paw.

TABLEAUX XVI., XVII., XVIII AND XIX.

"When good King Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding."

The scene is a dimly-lighted room, fitted up for a miller's store. Barrels and sacks of meal stand against the wall. A little boy with a long robe and gilt crown represents King Arthur. With a bag of meal in one hand and a dark lantern in the other, he is just stealing on tiptoe off the stage.

"A bag pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And put in two great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs."

The scene is a kitchen. In the centre of stage is a table, upon which stands the kneading-trough. Plates of plums, flour, eggs, and the immortal lumps of fat are all on the table. Behind the trough, facing audience, is the King, his sleeves rolled up, and a large white apron before him. He is pouring plums, well floured, from a large bowl into the pudding.

"The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And all the court beside."

Scene same as before. Upon the table stands an immense dish, and upon it the large, round pudding. Seated around the table are the courtiers (the more extravagant the dresses the better), each with a plate before him. The King and Queen sit at each end of the table, facing each other, profile to audience. All the performers hold up a knife and fork, and look with hungry eyes at the pudding.

"And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried."

Scene same as before. Upon the table stands half of the pudding and a large frying-pan. The Queen, with her crown on, and a large white apron before her, is cutting the pudding into slices; one hand holds a large knife, the other is just putting a slice of pudding in the pan.

TABLEAU XX.

"Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen,
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King."

The scene is a nursery. In the centre of stage is a cradle, with a great top and green quilt, and in the cradle is a

baby (or big doll). Beside the cradle is seated Betty, in a handsome silk dress, playing with a gold ring on her finger. Coming in the door, centre of background, is the "nobleman," a little boy in a fancy court dress, leading in the Queen crowned and sceptred. In the foreground is a little boy, dressed in a velvet suit, with short trousers and short socks, who has a big drum strung round his neck. His fists hold the drum-sticks raised up to strike the drum.

TABLEAU XXI.

"If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend."

"If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old rags to sell,
Old rags to sell, old rags to sell,
I never would cry old rags to sell."

LET the curtain rise on a stage perfectly empty. From one side behind the scenes, comes the cry "Old chairs to mend! Old chairs to mend!" From the other side the cry is, "Old rags to sell! Old rags to sell!"

The merchants must wear old ragged dresses, overcoats, and gloves without fingers, "shocking bad hats," and gaping boots. One carries on his head a pile of chairs, the other shoulders an immense rag bag. After the cry off the stage (repeated alternately), the performers come on the stage from opposite sides, each crying their wares. Meeting in the centre of the foreground they stop, eye each other, and bow. Then the rag man sings sarcastically the first verse of the song, with a strong accent on the personal pronoun. After he finishes the chair man walks deliberately round him, and then in a contemptuous manner, also emphasizing the I, sings the seconds verse. At its conclusion, with every gesture of contempt, the merchants turn their backs upon each other, and go out at the side opposite to

the one at which they entered, each in a loud, defiant tone, crying their "Old chairs to mend!" and "Old rags to sell!"

TABLEAUX XXII, XXIII.

"Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said simple Simon to the pieman,
Let me taste your ware.
Said the pieman to simple Simon,
Show me first your penny.
Said simple Simon to the pieman,
Indeed I have not any."

In the centre of stage stands the pieman, with a white apron and baker's cap on. Upon his arm is a large square basket covered with a white cloth. In one hand he holds out a small pie, while the other is extended open for a penny. The boy, who takes the part of Simon, must be capable of putting on a perfectly vacant stare. He is standing left of pieman, facing audience, staring eagerly at the pie, his pockets turned inside out, and his hands feeling them for the missing penny.

"Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could get
Was in his mother's pail."

In the centre of foreground stands the pail of water. In the centre of foreground, exactly facing the pail, simple Simon is seated upon a chair placed upon a table. He has a long fishing pole, the line from which falls into the pail, and his eyes are fixed with eagerness upon the hook. The best dress for simple Simon is a pair of summer pants, too short and too tight (a fat boy is best for the part), a long gingham apron with sleeves, a hat without a brim, low shoes and colored cotton stockings. All his clothes should appear to be outgrown.

TABLEAU XXIV.

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can,
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
And toss it in the oven for baby and me."

In the centre of the stage have a table, upon which is the kneading-trough. Behind the table, facing audience, is the "baker's man," with his white apron and cap, patting a piece of dough. In the foreground stands the master, with the baby on his arm. Crying babies are best for tableaux, as, if broken, they are not quite so important as "mamma's darling."

TABLEAU XXV.

"Dickerty, dickerty, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickerty, dickerty, dock."

In centre, rear of stage, the imitation of an old-fashioned wooden-cased clock, with hands set to represent one o'clock. A large mouse, with a fine black thread attached to its head, and another to its tail, is drawn by the head-string slowly up the front of the clock, while a group of children, fancifully dressed, all point at the mouse. As soon the mouse has reached the top, the clock must strike one, the strings reversed, and the mouse let down by the tail-string; at the same time all the children should wheel round, facing audience, with both arms raised as if in astonishment.

The children should be grouped with a view to general effect, and change position all together, exactly at the stroke of the clock.

FAIRY TALE TABLEAUX.

THESE scenes are also arranged expressly for juvenile performers, and are most of them descriptions of tableaux witnessed by the writer; the pretty scenes and costumes of the little folks making very effective pictures. The audience, after seeing all the scenes bearing upon one fairy tale, should be required to guess the story represented.

TABLEAUX FROM "ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

SCENE I. represents the magician and Aladdin when the latter is about descending into the magic cave. The magician must wear a long white beard and hair; a high-pointed black cap, with a band upon which are cabalistic figures in gilt paper; a full robe of black, with similar figures just above the hem and on the belt. Aladdin wears an Oriental dress of dark blue stuff, and a cap of red cloth. The moment chosen is that of the incantation. Upon the ground is a pile of dry sticks, heaped as if for a fire; Aladdin kneels with a lighted taper, as if about to light the pile, while the magician, erect, extends his arms over the sticks. The fire should be centre of stage; the magician behind it, facing audience; Aladdin left, profile to audience.

Scene II. represents the mother of Aladdin cleaning the lamp. In the centre of stage is a table, upon which are the antique bronze lamp and a cup of water. The mother of Aladdin, in an Oriental dress, is standing right of table, profile to audience, rubbing the lamp. Aladdin, left of table, facing his mother, has his hand raised in an attitude of terrified astonishment. Behind the table, facing audience, is the genius invoked by rubbing the lamp. Here is a chance for the boys. The head of the genius may be made

of the lid of a bandbox, painted to represent a ferociously ugly human face, with a shock of black worsted hair. The body made of a broomstick with a cross-piece for shoulders. Drape from this a scarlet mantle. The legs are two boys, whose body and two legs represent one leg of the genius. A blue sack, open at the bottom and gathered at the neck, makes each leg of the trousers, and the scarlet mantle must cover the boys' heads. This form stands centre of background, facing audience. Aladdin seems fainting with fear; but the mother does not see the spirit she has invoked.

Scene III. represents the sale of the wonderful lamp. In the centre of background is seated the princess, in a rich Oriental costume, before an embroidery frame. She has suspended her work, and is looking at the group in foreground. The magician, with a coarse blue cloak over his magic robe, and a red cap on his head, is kneeling right of foreground. Upon the ground before him is a basket covered with a white cloth. One of the magician's hands is on the handle of the basket; the other holds up to the slave a very shiny new brass lamp. The princess' slave, in an Oriental dress, stands before magician, holding toward him the old lamp, her other hand extended to take the new one.

Scene IV. represents the death of the magician. In the centre of stage is a table with fruit, cakes, and glasses upon it. On left side, profile to audience, is seated the princess, leaning forward, and looking eagerly at the magician, who is seated opposite to her. He has just fallen back, as if dead; his hand, toward audience, grasping the cup which has contained the poison. Entering the room, centre of background, is Aladdin.

TABLEAUX FROM "BLUE-BEARD."

Scene I. represents the marriage of Bluebeard. The scene is a parlor, decorated with white and flowers. In centre of background is a large arch of flowers. Under this arch, facing audience, stands the priest, in a long, full white robe.

He holds an open book in his hands. The bride wears full white Turkish trousers, a tunic of rich silk, a sash, and a long white veil, which covers her from head to foot. The bridegroom wears a robe of rich crimson silk, yellow trousers, and a profusion of blue worsted curls and long blue beard. The bride and groom stand, profile to audience, in front of the priest. Their hands are clasped. Behind the bride stands sister Anne, the mother, and two brothers, the latter dressed as Turkish soldiers. (A Zouave dress would have a fine effect.) Grouped at the sides of the room have as many guests as your wardrobe of Oriental dresses will permit.

Scene II. represents the wife of Bluebeard entering the fatal closet. In the centre of background must be a door, which she is just entering. With pallid face, and raised hands she stands in an attitude of horror, looking before her. At her feet, in a pool of blood (crimson flannel), lies a small key. In the foreground, stretched out stiffly, lie the five murdered wives, three on one side, two on the other. They wear long white robes, covering their feet, and have well-floured faces. Their garments are stained with blood, and are open at the throat to show a long gash at the neck. The scene should be in a ghastly, half light, but the wife of Bluebeard carries a lamp raised above her head, which shines upon her. This lamp should have a shade that throws the glare full upon her figure, leaving the foreground darkened.

Scene III. represents the attempt to clean the key. A table stands in the centre of stage, upon which is a vessel of water. Behind the table, facing audience, is the wife of Bluebeard, rubbing the little key. She looks worried and terrified. Sister Anne stands beside her, listening to the tale the wife is telling her; her face expresses horror and surprise.

Scene IV. represents the threatened death of the poor wife. She stands centre of stage, leaning toward the door, as if answering her husband's angry call. Her hair is unbound and falling over her shoulders, her face pale and terrified. From the window sister Anne is leaning, looking out, her hand raised as if to screen the sun from her eyes.

Scene V. represents the death of Bluebeard. The wife kneels centre of stage, her hands raised and clasped together, her face expressing terror and her attitude as if asking mercy. Bluebeard, one hand grasping a cimetar, the other the unbound hair of his wife, is just reeling back from the death blow. Standing beside him is one brother, whose sword is buried in Bluebeard's garments, as if it pierced his heart. He appears to have just made the thrust. Entering the door is the second brother, with drawn sword, and angry face. Sister Anne stands near the wife, her hands extended to raise her from her kneeling position. This scene is much more effective if part of the background is curtained off with several thicknesses of blue gauze, behind which stand grouped the five murdered wives, with with white faces and bloody garments.

TABLEAUX FROM "CINDERELLA."

Scene I. represents the sisters of Cinderella dressing for the ball. The scene is a lady's-dressing room. Left of centre is a toilet-table with jewelry, bouquets, laces and ribbons scattered upon it, and a large mirror, facing right. Opposite the mirror, profile to audience stands a little girl in a yellow silk petticoat, purple satin train, white plumes, purple satin waist, buttoned with white. She is looking in the glass and arranging the feathers in her hair. Left of foreground is another little girl dressed in a crimson velvet dress over a white satin petticoat, crimson flowers in her hair, and a gold chain round her neck. Both sisters wear jewelry. Kneeling beside the one, left of foreground, profile to audience, is Cinderella, dressed in a ragged brown calico with a handkerchief pinned over her hair. She is arranging a fold in the velvet train. Right of foreground, seated, is the step-mother, dressed in green satin, with white plumes in her hair.

Scene II. represents Cinderella's appearance at the ball. The scene is a ball-room, with children dressed in every

color, some dancing, some conversing, grouped in the background. Right of foreground, facing left, is a throne, upon which are seated the King and Queen. The King wears a purple mantle trimmed, with ermine, and a gold crown; the Queen wears a white satin dress, crimson velvet mantle trimmed with ermine and a crown. Left of foreground the step-mother and sisters are seated. Centre of room Cinderella and the Prince are standing; the Prince is just lifting Cinderella's veil. The Prince wears a suit of blue velvet, slashed, with white satin let in; long silk stockings, a velvet mantle falling over one arm, blue velvet slippers with gold buckles; a blue velvet cap, with a white plume fastened with a jewelled clasp. Cinderella is dressed in white lace, over white satin, white satin shoes thickly covered with spangles, white plumes; a large illusion veil thrown over her head covers her from head to foot. This veil the Prince is raising, his face bent forward to see hers, while she looks down.

Scene III. represents the King's herald trying on the slipper. Scene same as Scene II. Centre of stage is a large arm-chair, facing audience, in which is seated Cinderella covered with a large brown cloak, which hides her dress. One foot is covered with her white satin slipper, and she is drawing the mate to it from her pocket. The Prince stands at right, in an attitude of surprise. Left, the step-mother and sisters, looking very angry. Just entering the door, centre of background, is the fairy god-mother, dressed in a long scarlet cloak, high heeled slippers, a pointed cap, and carrying a crutch. The ball-room guests, King and Queen, as in Scene II.

Scene IV. Cinderella triumphant. The scene same as II. and III. Cinderella is standing before the arm-chair, dressed as in Scene II., without the veil. At her feet the Prince is kneeling, kissing her hand, while she looks down smilingly upon him. All the others stand in attitudes of astonishment. The King and Queen have risen, and hold up their hands, the step-mother and sisters hide their faces,

and the guests all stand in surprise. The fairy god-mother is standing upon the arm-chair waving her crutch over the Prince and Cinderella.

TABLEAUX FROM "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

Scene I. Represents the father of Beauty starting upon his journey. The scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. In the centre of the stage stands the old merchant, dressed for travel, and embracing Beauty. Beauty wears a plain, poor dress, very neat, and has a sweet, fair face. The sisters stand right of background, dressed in old shabby finery. One is looking delighted, as if anticipating the wealth she hopes for, the other curls her lip scornfully, looking at her father embracing Beauty.

Scene II. represents the merchant taking the rose. As a garden scene is difficult to arrange, a flower-stand placed in a room will do as well. In the centre of the room stands a table spread for supper. The flower-stand is right of foreground, and upon it are pots of roses in bloom. In centre of foreground the merchant is kneeling, his hands clasped and raised up, imploring pity. In his grasp is a large red rose. Standing before the merchant (both have profile to audience) is the Beast. The boy who takes this part must wear a complete bear's skin (a suit can easily be hired at a costumer's, or it may be made of shag cloth, the head composed of paste-board, covered with shag cloth, with a huge red mouth, long tongue, and large glass eyes), and carry an immense club. He is raising his club with both hands over the kneeling merchant.

Scene III. represents Beauty and the Beast at supper. The scene is the same as scene second. At the table are seated Beauty and the Beast, opposite each other, and profile to audience. Beauty is dressed in a magnificent evening costume, with jewels and flowers. The Beast is offering her a dish, which she waves away with one hand.

Scene IV. represents Beauty's vision. The room is the same

as in Scenes II. and III., the background being concealed by a curtain. In the foreground stands the Beast, pointing to the curtain. Beauty seated left of foreground looks at the curtain. Slowly, to music, the curtain is raised. Behind it is seen a sofa upon which lies the merchant, his eyes closed, as if dying. Beside him kneels one of the sisters, and behind the sofa, facing audience, the other sisters stand up; one brother stands beside her, holding her as she is weeping on his breast; the other two brothers stand at foot of sofa looking at the merchant.

Scene V. represents the return of Beauty to the Beast. The scene is the same as II. and III., the curtain being removed. In the centre of the stage the Beast lies on the ground as if dying. Behind him, kneeling, facing audience, is Beauty, bending, weeping over him. Drop the curtain to raise it instantly again, for.

Scene VI., representing the transformation. Have ready the boy who takes the part of the Prince, a handsome lad in a rich dress. Beauty stands centre of stage, while at her feet kneels the Prince. Beside them on the ground lies a bear-skin. If the curtain is raised quickly, the change of performers and position being made rapidly, the effect of these tableaux is very striking.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Scene I. represents the fairies bestowing their gifts upon the infant Princess. Centre of background is a raised throne, upon which are seated the King and Queen wearing fur-trimmed mantles and golden crowns. Running lengthwise of the stage is a table, upon which are fruit, cakes and wine. Six plates of gold, and one of silver, six gold cups and one silver one, stand upon the table. Right of foreground is a cradle, with a baby in it. Round this are clustered five fairies dressed in white, spangled with gold, with white wreaths and star-tipped wands. Left of foreground stands an old fairy, dressed in scarlet and black,

carrying a wand round which two snakes are twisted, and wearing a scarlet and black crown. She seems angry, and points the snake wand at the cradle. The five fairies hold each one arm over the baby, while the other is extended to the angry fairy, as if to avert her displeasure. The King and Queen are leaning forward with clasped hands and imploring faces. Behind the throne, just coming forward, is a little fairy in light blue, with silver spangles and a wand tipped with a silver star.

Scene II. represents the enchantment. The scene is an attic. Centre of background stands a spinning-wheel, before which is seated the angry fairy, dressed as an old woman, in a white cap and brown cloak. She has one hand upon the spinning-wheel, with the other one points mockingly to the Princess, while her face expresses malignant pleasure. The Princess, dressed in white satin trimmed with gold, a gold coronet, and jewels on her neck and arms, lies in a chair, right of foreground, profile to audience, as if she had just fallen senseless. In one hand she holds the distaff, as if it was piercing the palm, while the other hand hangs over the arm of the chair.

Scene III. represents the wakening. The scene is a richly furnished room. Centre of background is a couch covered with white. The Princess, dressed as in Scene II., is reclining upon this, facing audience, her head upon her hand, the elbow of her arm resting upon the couch. The other arm encircles the neck of the Prince, who kneels, profile to audience, facing the Princess. He is dressed in crimson velvet, slashed, with white satin let in, a crimson cap with a white plume lies on the floor at his side. His eyes look lovingly into those of the Princess, one arm thrown around her, while the other hand raises a tress of her hair to his lips. Left of foreground, the King and Queen are just entering the room, rubbing their eyes as if just wakening from a nap. Right of foreground, the six good fairies are coming in, while right of background, just hobbling off, is the bad fairy, dressed as in Scene I.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.

SCENE I. represents the mother dressing Little Red Ridinghood for her visit to her grandmother. The scene is the kitchen of a farm-house. Centre of room stands a table, upon which are a covered basket and a small earthen jar. In front of the table is an arm-chair, in which is seated the mother, profile to audience. She is dressed in a dark stuff gown, looped over a gay petticoat, buckled shoes, clocked stockings, a plaid kerchief pinned over her breast, and a high white muslin cap. She is fastening the cloak upon Little Red Ridinghood, who stands facing her. The child's dress is entirely covered with a long scarlet cloak, the hood of which is drawn up over her hair.

Scene II. represents the meeting with the wolf. Here the boys must exercise their ingenuity till one of them is transformed into a famous wolf. A complete skin may be obtained at a costumer's, but if that is not feasible, a pasteboard head can be painted, and a shaggy coat made of muslin covered with worsted, or a stuffed dog can have a wolf's head fastened upon it. The scene is a field, and the wolf and Little Red Ridinghood stand, she facing, he profile to audience, in the centre. The child looks down, as if talking to the wolf.

Scene III. represents the wolf about to devour Little Red Ridinghood. The scene is a bed-room. Centre of background is a bed, from which the wolf in a night-cap and night-gown is looking over the edge, and reaching out his arm to hold the child, who is just trying to escape. She is dressed in a long white night-gown, and is kneeling on the floor, profile to audience, her hands raised and clasped and looking up at the wolf. Upon a chair at the foot of the bed, are her scarlet cloak, dress, and shoes and stockings, and on a table, right of foreground, are the basket and jar.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

THE following Tableaux, together with some excellent preliminary remarks and directions for the effective representation of Tableaux in general, are adapted from "The Sociable; or, 1001 Home Amusements."

The main points to be observed in getting up a tableau, are just the same as in painting a picture. Light and shade, color and tone, are the means by which all pictorial effects are produced on the stage or on the canvas, and he who best understands their employment, is the best artist. Without doubt, the best place for the arrangement of tableaux, is a parlor, separated from the audience by folding-doors.

It is impossible to give any fixed rules which will apply to all tableaux, as the effects required for different subjects are totally different. But a few general directions may not be amiss, as they will be found of frequent service, and will suggest many more. The costuming of the performers will be one of the most important features, and will depend entirely upon their taste and resources.

A most important part of dramatic preparation is what is technically termed the "making up" of the characters, and one which requires some practice and observation. This is the painting and shading of faces, the adaptation of wigs, etc., to make the young look old, the plump lean, etc.

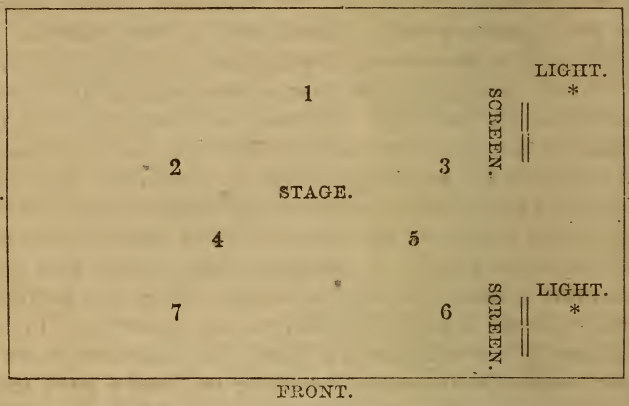
For the "making up" of any variety of different faces, a box of good water-colors, a little fine chalk, some camel's-hair pencils, and dry rouge, are wanted. If a comical expression is required, mix a reddish brown tint with the water-colors, stand before a mirror, assume the desired "broad grin," and trace the wrinkles produced with a fine brush of the brown tint. This will fix the line which your face requires, to give it the expression, much more naturally than you could do it by following any of the rules current

among artists. The same may be done with frowns, smirks, simpers, scowls, and all other marked contortions of feature.

Rouge should be applied with the forefinger—a much better implement than the traditional hare's-foot—and should be softly graded off upon the cheek. Chalk should be very sparingly used. Burnt cork is very effective for black eyes, or for representing leanness, by applying a very faint tint underneath the eyes, on the sides of the cheeks and under the lower lip. A strong mark running from the corner of the nose down toward's the corner of the mouth, on each side, is a good sign of age or emaciation, but these points are best learned by observing different faces. Moustaches and beards, when slight, should be made with India-ink and a fine pencil. A few sets of false ones, of real hair, however, as also a few wigs of various colors and patterns, will be found a great addition to the wardrobe. In the tableau of the "Drunkard's Home," in this work, there is great scope for the art of "making up," and a good effect may be produced on the faces and arms of the women and children, by deepening the shadows with cork, or India-ink, and heightening the prominent features with chalk. For the man, a flushed color, with a few purplish spots on the cheeks and nose, will be appropriate.

The colors of garments used in tableaux are much more to be considered than in dramatic representations, as much of the beauty of the picture depends upon a harmonious and pleasing distribution of tints. As a general rule, the lightest colored figures should be kept in the background, to relieve the darker ones. A strong "bit of color," such as a scarlet shawl, or military coat, gracefully disposed in the middle ground, between the nearest and farthest figures, will have a good effect in many scenes, whether worn by some character, or thrown over a piece of furniture. At the same time, great care should be taken to avoid the common and vulgar error of combining too many gay colors. Indeed, the two great reasons of the want of artistic effect in tab-

leaux, as commonly arranged, are first, too much light, and second, too much color. In almost every tableau where more than three figures appear, one at least should be in shadow, relieved by something light behind. The following diagram will show how the shadow may be gained:



Suppose the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, to represent the performers. The two lights, indicated thus *, illuminate the back of the stage, forming a light background. Figure 1 will then be in range of both lights; figure 2 will be partially shaded by figure 5; figure 3 will be partially shaded by the rear screen; figures 4 and 5 will be in full light; figure 6 in the deep shadow from both screens, and figure 7 dimly illuminated by the rear light only. Here we have a different degree of light for almost every character, and the effect will be found a charming one. Foot-lights should hardly ever be used in arranging tableaux, as they give shadows exactly the opposite of picturesque. The lights should be brilliant, placed high up, and few in number. A good effect may sometimes be got by cross lights, but, generally, it is best to have them all on one side of the stage.

Colored lights are capable of being used with very happy results, and it is by no means a difficult matter to produce

them, either by colored fires, such as are used at the theatres, or by filling globes with colored liquids, and placing them in front of the lamps, like those we see in the windows of the chemists' shops. Red fire, which is beautiful for lighting up the finale of the scene, especially where the subject is heroic, national, or martial, may be made from the following receipt (care being taken to follow the proportions):

Five ounces nitrate of strontia (dry); one-and-a-half ounces finely-powdered sulphur; take five drams chlorate of potash, and four drams sulphuret of antimony, and powder them separately in a mortar; then mix them on paper, and having mixed the other ingredients (previously powdered), add these last, and rub the whole together on paper. For use, mix a little spirits of wine with the powder, and burn in a flat iron pan or plate.

A beautiful green fire, forming a fine contrast to the former, may be made by powdering finely and mixing well thirteen parts flour of sulphur, five parts oxymuriate of potassa, two parts metallic arsenic, and three parts pulverized charcoal. Then take seventy-seven parts nitrate of baryta, dry it carefully, powder it, and mix the whole thoroughly. A polished reflector, fitted on one side of the pan in which this is burned, will concentrate the light, and cast a brilliant green lustre on the figures.

A bluish-green fire may be produced by burning muriate of copper, finely powdered and mixed with spirits of wine, and several other colors can be obtained by a little study of chemistry; but the smoke and smell of these preparations render them less pleasant for the drawing-room than the globes filled with colored liquids. Where a window opens from the side of the stage, the fire might be burned outside, or even in a hall, where a door could be opened. Generally, however, the other plan will be found the neatest and simplest. Sulphate of copper, dissolved in water (after having been heated and pulverized), will give a beautiful blue liquid. The common red cabbage, or litmus, so well known in chemistry, will give three different colors, thus:

Slice the litmus thin, and pour boiling water on it. Decant the infusion, when cold, and add a small quantity of alum dissolved in water, which will give a clear rich purple. If potash dissolved in water be used instead of alum, the water will assume a brilliant green tint. A fine crimson may be got by a few drops of muriatic acid, instead of alum or potash.

For ghostly scenes, where a sepulchral unearthly effect is desired, the following may be tried, and if properly managed, will astonish even the performers themselves:

Mix some common salt with spirits of wine, in a metal cup, and set it upon a wire frame, over a spirit-lamp. When the cup becomes heated, and the spirits of wine ignite, the other lights in the room should be extinguished, and that of the spirit-lamp shaded in some way. The result will be that the whole group—faces, dresses, and all—will be of one dingy yellow tint, no matter how bright their costumes or how rosy their cheeks may be.

Another great accessory to the tableau, but one which cannot always be had, is thin gauze, or common mosquito netting—in fact, any stuff which can be seen through—to interpose between the audience and the scene. Several curtains of this, made to let down from rollers, one after another, will give a beautiful, misty, vanishing appearance; and if enough be unrolled, the tableau appears to vanish entirely, allowing room for a change of scene, if desired. This gauze should be carefully managed, as the disclosure of a ragged edge would dispel all the illusion. Many scenes should have one thickness before them at first, to prevent too startling distinctness; and some may be concealed entirely by the gauze, which is gradually rolled up, until the tableau becomes visible. These varieties of effect, however, depend on the subjects, and the taste of those who arrange them.

A number of almost supernatural effects may be procured by the aid of a magic latern; and that instrument will be found quite invaluable to the amateur theatrical company.

Its use, in getting up tableaux or scenes containing ghosts, dreams, or fancies of any kind, is very great.

These, with a few screens for shading certain figures, are about all the appurtenances required for arranging excellent tableaux which are at all difficult to procure. The materials for all else may be found in almost any house, either in the city or country. The tableaux which follow are intended more to suggest how such things are to be done than as models. After two or three of them have been got up, careful attention having been paid to the directions, it will be an easy matter to invent new ones. The great requirement on the part of the performers is, of course, to remain perfectly still—a feat which may be acquired to a wonderful degree by practising before a mirror. Where a large group is to be *posed*, there is often a tendency to laugh—why, it is hard to say; but this may be overcome by frequent rehearsals. In fact, none but the very simplest tableaux should be produced without three rehearsals at least, and many require half-a-dozen.

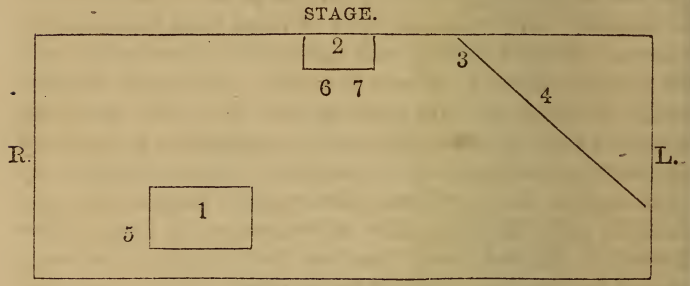
We need scarcely add, that appropriate music on the pianoforte, harp, or other instrument, will add much to the effect of any tableaux.

THE GAMBLER'S WARNING.

At right centre of stage is a table covered with green baize, around which six or seven men are sitting, playing at cards. At the back of stage is a sideboard with decanter and glasses. A negro in a white jacket is standing at sideboard, pouring some liquor into a tumbler; near him, and leaning against the sideboard, in an easy attitude, is one of the gamblers. On the left of stage some gauze should be stretched across diagonally, behind which is the figure of a woman, with one arm laid across her breast, and the other pointing upward. All the figures at the table are intently watching the cards, with one exception; he is standing

erect, with an expression of wonderment and terror upon his face, and is looking at figure behind gauze. His left hand is resting upon the table; the right is outstretched, holding a card; two cards are upon the floor, as though they had just fallen from his hand.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. The table at which the gamblers are sitting.
2. The sideboard.
3. Gauze stretched across stage.
4. Figure behind gauze.
5. The figure standing erect.
6. The negro.
7. Man leaning against sideboard.

In this tableau the right of stage should be in full light; the left in shadow. A strong soft light should be thrown upon the figure behind gauze, which can be made by letting the light shine through a globe of clear water. After a few moments, a good effect could be obtained by letting a blue light fall upon character on left, and a red one upon the gamblers. It can easily be done by using colored water in the globes.

The figure behind gauze should be attired in a white robe, looking very pale, with a sorrowful expression upon her face. The gamblers should be well, but showily dressed, with heavy moustaches, otherwise cleanly shaved. The figure standing at the table should be neatly dressed, and wearing no beard or moustache.

CAGLIOSTRO'S MAGIC MIRROR.

This tableau illustrates the tradition of the Magic Mirror possessed by Count Cagliostro, a so-called magician, who lived some time during the seventeenth century. In the present scene, he is supposed to be showing a young courtier the image of his lady-love, who is deceased.

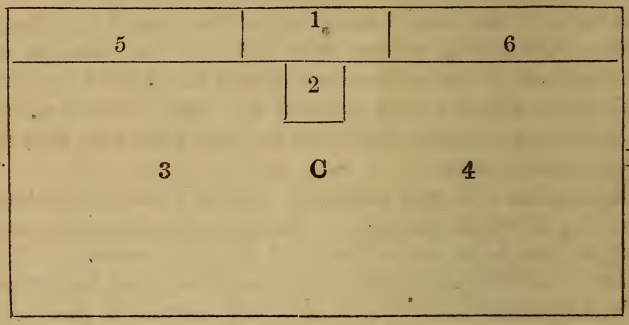
A large frame should be set up in the rear of the stage, centre, with a large volume open before it. A lamp, one of curious form, if such can be got, stands just behind the volume, and across the open pages of the latter a naked sword is laid. If a human skull can be had, that also may be placed on the book.

On the left of frame, in shadow, stands Count Cagliostro, pointing towards the vision. On the right, the young nobleman stands in an attitude of fear and wonder. The vision is in the centre of the frame, standing just back from it, and is represented by a young girl, extremely pale, in a long, sweeping, white robe, with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards. One or two thicknesses of gauze should be stretched over the frame, and the vision illuminated by two lights, placed one on each side, behind, and concealed by the frame. If curtains can be attached to the latter, so as to prevent the light of these lamps from falling on anything but the girl, the effect will be beautiful.

The costume of the Count should be a small black cap, with a single drooping black feather, a long black cloak or robe, with a lace collar turned over it, and ruffles about his wrists; black stockings and knee-breeches, pumps with large buckles, and a small sword, complete the dress. His face should be rather pale, with a black moustache and heavy black eyebrows. His expression should be solemn, and a little scornful.

The young courtier should have a somewhat rich dress. A dark coat, with gold lace on the cuffs, collar, and lappels;

light-colored knee-breeches, white stockings, pumps with rosettes, a dress sword, lace collar and wristbands, and (if possible) a powdered court wig. He may have a slight moustache and imperial, but should appear much younger than Cagliostro, and should stand more in the light. Directions for producing these occasional lights and shades will be found in the introduction.



FRONT OF STAGE.

1. A large table, upon which the girl who represents the vision, is to stand. Upon its front edge the frame is to be rested.

2. Small stand, covered with dark cloth, supporting book, lamp, sword, etc.

. Cagliostro.

4. Courtier.

5, 6. Curtains stretched from the side of the frame, to conceal the lamps which light up the vision.

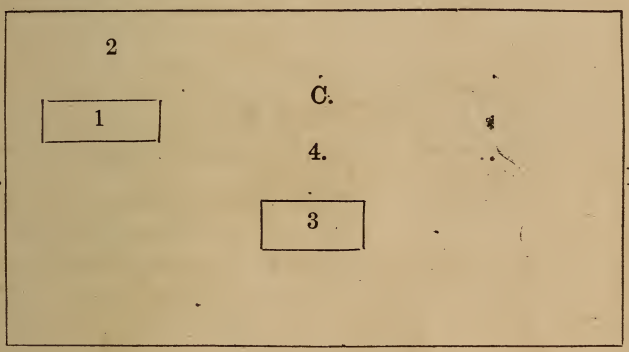
The frame may easily be made of narrow boards, roughly nailed together, and covered with black velvet, neatly tacked on.

THE BURGLARY.

UNLIKE the above, this scene owes its charm chiefly to the picturesqueness of its effects. The scene is a chamber, with a bed, right, in which a man is sleeping. Another, roughly dressed and closely muffled up, with a hat slouched over his eyes, stands over the sleeper, with a knife raised above him. The robber should be "made up" in the most repulsive manner possible—his face slightly smutted with

burnt cork, a black patch over one eye, a red handkerchief loosely knotted about his neck, and his whole appearance that of a scoundrel of the lowest class. (*See Introduction.*)

In the centre, another burglar is kneeling on one knee in front of a trunk, taking from it a variety of articles, some of which are scattered about him. Among these, some pieces of plate, jewelry, and ornaments of procelain or metal, with some blue, green, crimson, or other gay stuffs, will give brilliancy to the scene, and should be illuminated by a dark-lantern in the hand of the burglar who is examining them. A centre-bit, chisel, and pistols, should lie near him, and he should be made up similarly to the first. The chamber should contain a bureau, dressing-case, etc.; and a looking-glass may be so placed at back of stage as to reflect one of the burglars with good effect.



FRONT OF STAGE.

1. Bed, with man asleep.
2. Burglar with knife.
3. Trunk, with articles scattered about.
4. Burglar with lantern.

The light on the stage should be very dim, and unless the stage be very large, that of the lantern will be sufficient. The burglar at the bed should shade the sleeper, and be only in a half-light himself. The one at the chest should have his face in full light, and great care should be taken in making him up. For low or villainous characters, an addi-

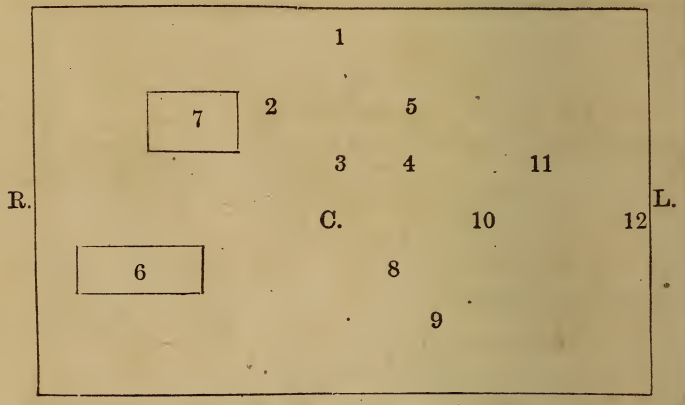
tional ghastliness may be produced by showing no white of shirt or collar, having simply a black or colored handkerchief around the throat. A black cloth tied around the head, and under the chin, gives a peculiarly horrible effect.

Of course, the sleeper's clothing should be hung upon a chair near the bed, and other appointments arranged about the stage to give an air of naturalness.

A single thickness of gauze in front of the scene will add to its gloomy air.

MISCHIEF IN SCHOOL.

For this tableau the stage should be furnished with desks, benches, etc., to resemble a school as nearly as possible. A black-board is hung at the back of the stage, in centre, and



FRONT OF STAGE.

1. Boy at black-board.
2, 3, 4, 5. Boys looking on.
6. Boy at desk, pretending to study.
7. Table, with boy in dunce's cap.
8, 9, 10. Boys playing marbles.
11. Boys scuffling.
12. Door, with master entering.

a boy stands on a stool before it, sketching a ridiculous caricature of the master. Three or four others stand around him, in school-boy position, watching the progress of the

drawing. A desk is placed at right of stage, at which a boy sits, pretending to study, but with his eye fixed on the door, left, where the master is seen entering with a long rod in his hand, and a grim smile on his face. Two boys are in the act of scuffling at the left of stage, concealed from the master by the door. Another stands on a table, near the desk, right, with the dunce's cap on his head. Three others are playing marbles near the group, centre.

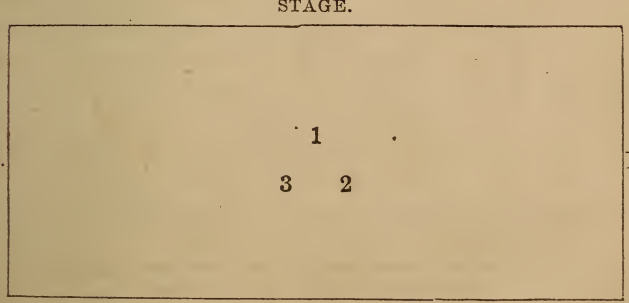
The diagram on page 116 will explain the positions.

Some of the boys may be eating apples, cakes, etc., and a variety of books, maps, inkstands, rulers, and other school-furniture should be scattered about here and there. As the interest of the scene depends entirely upon the surprise, but little attention need be paid to the effects of light and shade, etc., the main object being to have all the groups in plain sight, and naturally arranged.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

In the centre of stage the Goddess of Liberty is sitting, resting upon her shield, and holding in her hand a pole, on

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. Goddess of Liberty. 2. The Sailor. 3. The Soldier.

the top of which is the Phrygian cap. On left centre of

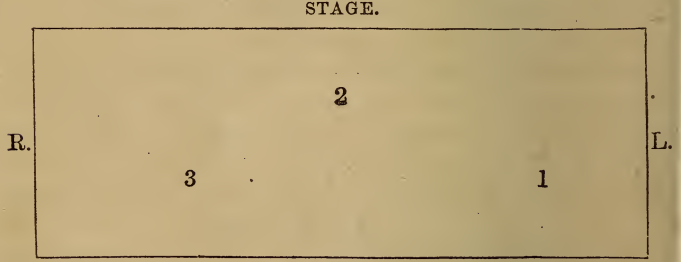
stage, a sailor is standing with the American flag in his hand. On the right centre a soldier is standing, also with a banner in his hand. The flags are crossed, and their faces are turned towards audience.

In this tableau as much light should be thrown upon the stage as possible. The Goddess of Liberty should have bare arms, and be arrayed in a loose, flowing, white garment. The shield of Liberty can easily be made out of cardboard, with the assistance of some blue and red paint. The liberty cap can also be made in the same way. With regard to the soldier and sailor, we presume that all our readers will be enabled to costume them without our assistance. Just before the curtain descends, a good effect can be produced by igniting some red fire on each side of stage.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

A DILAPIDATED room, with an empty grate, and an empty saucepan lying on its side, so that the audience can see the interior. In one corner of the room (L.) a bed of straw,

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. The bed of straw, upon which the children are lying.
2. The wife. 3. The drunkard.

upon which two children are lying. The elder, a girl, is supporting the younger, a boy, and is leaning over him, as though she were trying to soothe him and keep him quiet.

A mother is sitting upon a stool (R. C.), holding a baby closely to her breast, with an old worn-out shawl wrapped around it. On the right, the drunkard is stretched upon the ground, insensible from drink. His clothes are torn and muddy; by his side is an old and battered hat; in his hand is an empty bottle, which he still clutches firmly. The wife is gazing upon the husband, with a look of mingled love and sorrow.

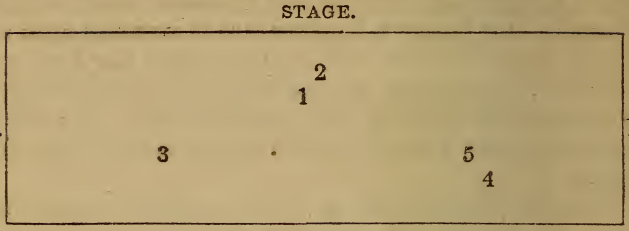
Everything is to denote, as much as possible, misery and want. The woman to have hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. The children upon the straw are to have bare arms, and to be "made up," so as to appear wretchedly thin and emaciated. (See instructions for making up, page 106.)

To heighten the effect of this tableau, some fine gauze might be stretched across the stage, so as to give everything a dim and cheerless appearance. In using gauze, care should be taken that the whole front of the stage be carefully covered, so as not to mar the effect by having a stronger light at the bottom, sides, or top, than in the centre. Instructions are given in the introduction to tableaux page 110, how the gauze can be fixed.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

The same room as in the Drunkard's Home. In the centre of the stage is a stool. The drunkard is kneeling upon one knee, with his face towards the audience. He has a pen in his hand, and is signing his name to a paper that is upon the stool. His eldest daughter is looking timidly over his right shoulder, with her left hand resting upon him. On the right of the drunkard is the temperance advocate; he has an ink-horn in his hand, and is looking down, smiling benignantly, upon the signer. At the left of centre the wife is kneeling down; on one arm she holds her babe, while the other is uplifted toward heaven. Her face is upturned also, with an expression of gratitude and happiness upon it. The boy has hold of his mother's skirt, and is looking at her with wondering eyes.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. The drunkard signing pledge.
2. The daughter.
3. The temperance advocate.
4. The mother with her babe.
5. The little boy.

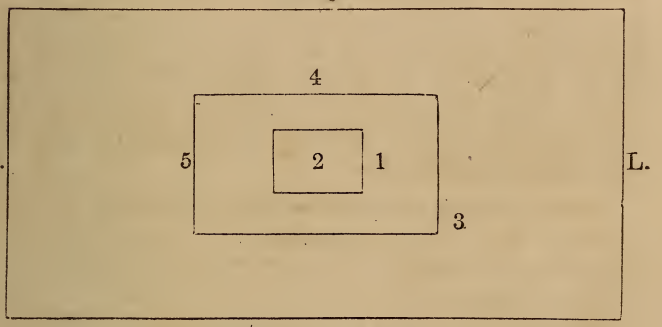
Instead of dropping curtain, for the last tableau, "Drunkard's Home," some gauze might be let down, gradually increasing in thickness, till it completely shuts out the tableau from audience. "Signing the Pledge" might then be arranged, which must be done quickly, but noiselessly; then clear away *all* the gauze, and have a subdued light fall upon the whole group. A good soft light can be obtained by letting the gas, or lamp, shine through glass globes, containing water. The globes, such as are seen in chemist's shop-windows, can easily be obtained at any druggist's fixture store, at a small cost. The above tableau, if arranged and conducted properly, will have a very pleasing and telling result.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

A ROOM comfortably, but meanly furnished, with a square piece of drugget in centre of stage. A deal table is placed on the middle of carpet, upon which are laid some tea-things, as though supper was about to be served. At left of stage, the husband is standing, with his hat on, and a basket of tools at his back, as though he had just come in from work. The boy is clutching him round the leg, and looking up into his face. The girl is sitting on a chair (R.), nursing the baby, and is looking towards her father with a smile of wel-

come. The wife is standing by a chair, as though she had just risen from it, with her body inclined toward her husband, one hand is extended and in the other she holds some needle-work.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. A piece of drugget.
2. A deal table.
3. The husband, with boy clinging to his leg.
4. The wife.
5. The daughter, with baby.

In this tableau as much light should be thrown upon the stage as possible, so as to give the whole chamber a comfortable and pleasant appearance.

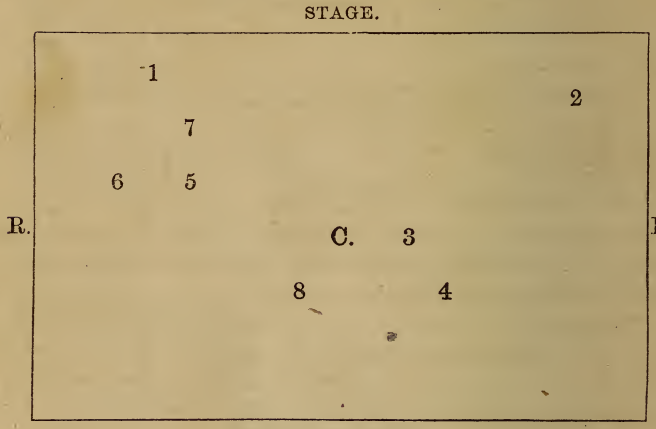
We presume we need not tell the performers in this tableau, that all the figures should be economically but neatly dressed; so as to make the illusion greater to the audience, with regard to its being the home of a mechanic.

THE DUEL.

At the back of stage five or six chairs are piled one on top of another. Also at back of stage (L.), a table, upon which are some bottles and glasses; under table a pack of cards is scattered. On the left of stage, one of the duellists stands, in shirt-sleeves, looking toward left at his opponent, with a

grim smile upon his countenance. He is wiping his sword with a handkerchief, that he holds in his left hand. His second has his right hand resting upon the duellist's left arm, looking at him with an anxious face, and is pointing off with his left hand, as if advising him to fly. On the right of stage, a wounded man is lying, in his shirt-sleeves, with his head and shoulders supported by his second, who is in a kneeling position, and looking at the injured man with a terrified expression. By the side of the fallen man is a doctor, examining the wound with professional calmness. On the backs of some of the chairs, the coats, vests, neckties, etc., are carelessly thrown. In the centre of stage is a sword lying upon the floor.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.



1. Chairs.
2. Table.
3. The duellist wiping his sword.
4. His second.
5. The wounded man.
6. His second.
7. The doctor.
8. sword.

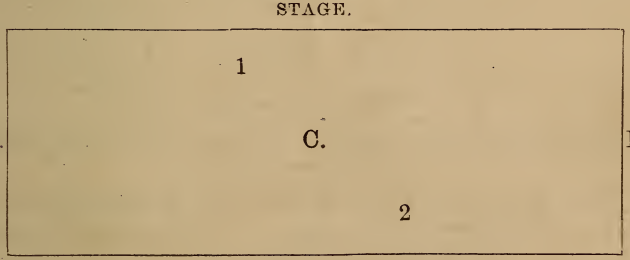
In this tableau the lights should be softened as much as possible. A fine gauze stretched across stage would add much to the appearance of this tableau. The wounded man

is to be "made up" so as to appear extremely pale and ghastly. To heighten the effect, a few drops of blood can be seen upon his shirt, which can be easily represented by a little crimson lake being smeared upon a piece of rag, and pinned upon it.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

To the right centre of stage, a cavalier, dressed in a slashed doublet and jacket, trunk hose, low shoes, with large pink rosettes, and a velvet cap and feather. At his side hangs a rapier. A guitar, upon which he is playing, is suspended from his neck with a blue ribbon. The cavalier wears a small moustache, and carries himself jauntily. To the left centre of stage, a man, enveloped in a dark cloak, lined with red, creeping stealthily towards the cavalier. In his right hand is a poniard. A slouched hat, with feather, is to be pulled down over his brow, and a heavy beard and moustache is to be worn; also black stockings and low shoes. With his left arm he is holding the cloak to his face, as though trying to disguise his features.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS IN TABLEAU.

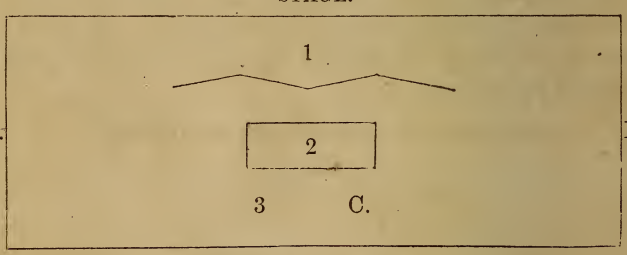


1. The cavalier. 2. The man with poniard.

Stage to be rather dark. The cavalier to be in full light, with his back turned toward assassin, who is to be in deep shadow.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

THE stage for this tableau is arranged like a lady's boudoir, with the usual complement of birds, cages, flower-pots, toilet appurtenances, drawing and embroidery materials, etc. A sofa is set in the centre, a little back, and a folding screen placed zigzag just behind it. On the sofa a young lady is seated, holding a guitar listlessly in her left hand, while a gentleman, kneeling gracefully before her, is kissing her right. He should be so placed, however, as to show his profile to the audience, as it is in bad taste ever to turn the back directly towards the front of the stage. Over the top of the screen, immediately behind the young couple, is seen the head of another man—the father or guardian of the lady—intently regarding her with an expression of comical horror and surprise.



1. The guardian, behind the screen. 2. The sofa, with the young lady. 3. The gentleman, kneeling.

Some sheet music should be carelessly scattered about the floor and sofa, with the hat and gloves of the gallant teacher of music. The young lady should be in an easy, elegant position, with her face a little averted, but her eyes turned toward her suitor. A little rouge may be effectively used upon her cheeks, for producing the blush which is supposed to be natural to such occasions. The face of the guardian should be carefully "made up" with reference to age and

expression, with eyebrows strongly arched, wrinkles, a ferocious moustache, curled up at the ends, etc.

If conveniences can be had for getting up picturesque and elegant costumes, the suitor may be dressed as a cavalier, with doublet, belt, lace collar and cuffs, knee-breeches and stockings, and a rapier. His hat should then be a wide-brimmed black felt, caught up on the left side with a buckle and feather, and his gloves should be riding gauntlets. The lady should also have a dress in accordance with the styles of the middle ages, which may be learned by consulting the French prints representing similar scenes, and her hair should be drawn straight back from her forehead, and powdered. A large white ruffle around the guardian's neck will be in keeping, and add to the ludicrousness of his appearance. If, however, the resources of the parlor theatrical troupe are limited, the costume of the day may be used.

In arranging the light, care should be taken to have the guardian's face in half-shade, and the strongest light upon the lady. Some heavy, dark curtains may be hung at the sides of the stage, to bring out the colors of the sofa, the lady's dress, etc., and the ornaments and toilet articles should be strewn about with an easy graceful negligence.

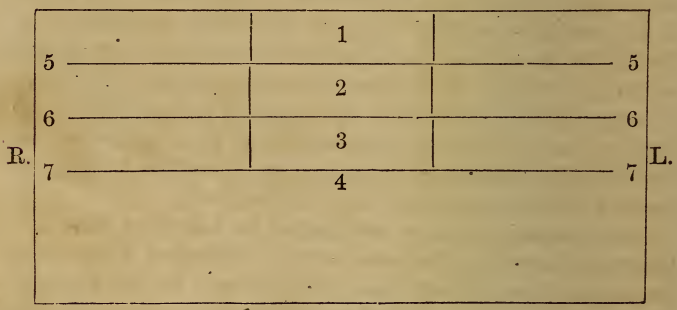
THE SEASONS.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, represented by female figures, will always form a popular and graceful picture. This has been already successfully performed in the following manner: Three platforms are raised on the stage, each a little higher than the one in front of it, like the broad steps of a staircase receding from the audience.

Spring is a little child dressed in green, of a light but brilliant tint (the new Malachite shade is best adapted for this). She is holding in her hands a basket filled to overflowing with beautiful spring flowers, some of which are also lying at her feet. She stands in front of the stage nearest the

spectators. A single thickness of gauze is run across in front of the first platform, on which stands

Summer, a young girl just verging on womanhood. She is holding an apron of summer fruits mingled with flowers. Her dress is white, but trimmed with roses and green leaves, with which she is also crowned. Another thickness of gauze is stretched behind her, just in front of the platform on which Autumn stands.



1. The first and highest platform, with Winter.
2. The second, supporting Autumn.
3. The third, for Summer.
4. The figure of Spring.
5, 5. The first gauze.
6, 6. The second gauze.
7, 7. The third gauze.

Autumn, a smiling matron, in a dress of crimson, crowned with corn and poppies. A long branch of the vine, laden with grapes, is thrown across her shoulder, and in her arms she holds a cornucopia filled with fruits and flowers, a sickle and sheaf of grain are at her side.

Winter stands on the farthest platform. This may be represented by a man, who must, however, be made up like an old crone, with a wrinkled and sallow face. Her bent and stooping form is heavily draped in a robe of dark brown or gray woolen stuff. On one shoulder she bears a faggot of dry sticks, and in her hand an axe. Her brown garment should, over her shoulders (and also on her head), be powdered with masses of flour to imitate snow, and to complete

the representation, pieces of small glass tubing may be attached to the edges and sides of her robe to imitate icicles.

The gauze screens will shade the figures sufficiently, without any different degrees of light being thrown upon them.

THE MUSICIANS.

A PARTY of young and old people are practising singing in parts by candlelight. They are standing round a small table, on which is a single candle. In this tableau all other lights but this solitary candle should be extinguished, as the whole effect produced arises from the shadows thrown on the faces by their being placed so much higher than the light. For this purpose also a tallow candle is best. The singers should be dressed after the costumes met with in the old Dutch pictures. The hair of the women drawn tightly back under a close stuff cap. The men in dark cloth clothes. Every one should assume some slightly different position, but the mouths of all should be opened as if in the act of singing. This scene, which, if well executed, will recall some of the favorite pictures of the old Dutch school, is more particularly effective if it succeeds a tableau in which brilliant colors and much light is introduced.

THE BRIGAND'S FAMILY.

AN Italian peasant woman is seated on a large piece of rock, busily examining some jewels taken from a traveller's box beside her. At the moment of the tableau she is holding up to the admiration of her husband, who is standing leaning on his gun at some little way off, a long and costly string of pearls; a little child leaning against her lap, with its full face to the spectators, is playing with some more beads lying on her lap. The woman's face is nearly in profile to the audience. She is dressed in the Neapolitan costume. The white square-folded head-dress, her long black hair drawn off her face, and dressed in heavy plaits at the back of her

head, and stuck into these a showy round gold pin. Her skirt is of blue, bound and trimmed with scarlet; her bodice scarlet; to this she wears no sleeves; a band of black over the shoulder fully displaying her large white chemise sleeve; her feet are bare, as are also the little child's, who wears but one short linen garment. The brigand himself is dressed in the full costume of the Calabrian peasant—a high peaked hat, bound round the crown with colored ribbon, and a flower stuck jauntily on one side of it; a short jacket worn over a loose shirt, tight pantaloons reaching only a little below the knee, leather gaiters cut off at the ankle, and sandals. Two other brigands, one of them a youngster of eighteen, the other somewhat older, are lying in careless attitudes on the ground; near them is a pack of cards, with which they have been playing. This scene should be well lighted, as it is supposed to be daylight—the bright daylight of an Italian sun. The same characters may also, with some variations of position, be represented in a second tableau as watching and listening for travellers, lighted up only by a red fire burnt in front of the stage.

THE WITCHES IN MACBETH.

TABLEAU IN THREE DIVISIONS OR PERIODS.

PART I.—The curtain draws up and reveals three witches, each pointing with the forefinger and bared and skinny arms to the cauldron, round which fire is burning and flames springing up. The witches should be dressed in long black dresses, very high peaked hats, and long staffs in their hands. These parts are better performed by men, as they require marked and prominent features, or else long false noses must be worn.

PART II.—Hecate and three other witches appear in the background, all pointing with the forefinger to the three first witches. Hecate and the three newly-arrived witches being dressed in long red-brown dresses.

PART III.—The witches and Hecate all take hands, and

group in fantastic and wild attitudes round the cauldron as if in the act of dancing. Between each of these parts the curtain falls and rises, so as to reveal the groups of witches in three various attitudes. Thunder should be imitated, as well as the shrieks of the night-owl, the mewing of cats, &c., outside the scenes. The overture from the opera of Der Freischutz is appropriate music for this tableau. Very little light, except what is produced by the flames round the cauldron, is needed. To make the fire, dissolve crystals of nitrate of copper in spirits of wine. Light the solution and it will burn with a beautiful emerald flame. To imitate thunder, hold a large sheet of Russian iron at one end and commence shaking it very slowly. It will give out a low rumbling sound which can gradually be increased in power. Graduate the sounds from heavy peals to the first starting point; then discontinue the shaking for a few seconds and repeat the variety of changes as long as it is necessary.

A SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS, ILLUSTRATING SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL."

In the early part of the year 1852 an extensive fire broke out in the town of Trauenstein, in Bavaria. Its effects were most disastrous, spreading rapidly among the wood-built houses, until nearly half the town was consumed, and its unfortunate inhabitants left exposed to all the inclemencies of a tardy Bavarin spring, without clothes or shelter. As soon as the news of the calamity reached the capital, the King of Bavaria and many of the principal nobility and gentlemen of Munich started for the scene of suffering, and by the prompt distribution of money, food, and raiment, did all that could be done at the moment to alleviate the distress of so many homeless beings. The king himself saved, by his judicious orders on the spot, the remainder of the town, causing houses to be razed in the quarters the fire seemed most likely to spread in, and by his calm and collected presence inciting the panic-stricken inhabitants to fresh exer-

tions. The wealthy and compassionate in Munich hastened to forward their subscriptions and contributions. Extensive, however, as these were, the king on his return pronounced them still inadequate, and he, with the queen, united in calling on the ladies and gentlemen of his court—at that moment celebrating the carnival in Munich—to turn their talents, and even their amusements, to good account for the unhappy sufferers at Trauenstein. After some little deliberation, it was determined that a series of *tableaux vivants* should be prepared. The respectable public were to be admitted by paid tickets, obtained from one or other of the lady patronesses. Two representations were decided upon: the first being in the light of a dress rehearsal, the moderate sum of a florin was only demanded. This representation was crowded by the tradespeople and bourgeoisie of the town. The second evening, the king, queen, and court, with all that was great and gay in Munich, graced the tableaux as spectators, the tickets being nominally raised to two florins. As they became scarcer, however, the price rose again, and an English family stopping for a few days at one of the hotels in Munich had to pay, it was said, as much as ten florins each for their tickets; a price considered extortionate by many of the Germans, but which the fair lady patroness who sold the tickets considered herself quite justified in demanding from "those rich English" in the cause of charity. Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, placed the private theatre in his palace at the disposal of the performers, who were selected from amongst the noblest of the Bavarian families, or from the various members of the foreign *corps diplomatique* then resident at Munich; chosen, of course, chiefly for their personal attractions. Three young English girls also assisted in the performances, and well sustained Englishwomen's pretensions to the necessary qualifications. The director of the royal theatre lent his valuable services, and superintended the getting up of the scenery and accessories; whilst three of the first artists in Munich undertook to arrange the grouping, costumes and lighting up of the tableaux. The

cousin of the Emperor of the French (Count Charles T—— de la P——) was made stage manager; and, finally, the subject selected was Schiller's beautiful and popular poem, the "Song of the Bell." Nine *tableaux vivants* were to illustrate this, ushered in by the introductory scene of the bell-casting. We will pass lightly over the preliminary preparations, the several rehearsals, before all was deemed complete and perfect, merely hinting that, in spite of the charitable object of the performance, the assembling together of so many various elements was not free from the usual amount of heart-burnings and discontent amongst those who deemed their pretensions to beauty and grace entitled them to the most prominent positions. Before the last rehearsal these feelings were all calmed down by the artists' inflexible decrees on the subject, or by the discontented withdrawing their services; and much amiability, on the other hand, was displayed by one or two of the "grande dames" placing their costly wardrobes at the disposal of their poorer sisters for the occasion. Beauty is not always presuming and pretentious, for the most graceful and brilliant of the company, the beautiful and high-born Countess de B——, was as conspicuous for her generosity and amiability on the occassion as for the rare personal attractions which adorned the *tableaux*. When the eventful day arrived, the green-room presented a strange medley of costumes. Obedient to the drawings given them by the artists, the performers had to make their costumes their own particular charge. The awkward fashion of men's costume in the present day necessitated the choice of a period when their habiliments in particular were richer and more shapely. The period of the reign of Francis I., of France, was decided on. Clad in rich velvet stuffs and tight hose, the men looked bravely, whilst it also afforded an opportunity to the ladies of displaying, on their square-cut bodices, the blaze of magnificent hereditary jewels for which the Bavarian families are famous. The artists were the critics and approvers, giving a hint here, entreating some little change from another; and our

English readers will be glad to hear that, amongst the most correct copies of the period given, the costumes of their countrywomen were conspicuous. Much amusement amongst the actors and actresses was created by the stage manager arrogating to himself the part of rouge applier; it being found that in the strong glare of theatrical light a more than ordinary amount of red paint was necessary to prevent the dangers of a ghastly appearance to those who impersonated youth and health. Behind the scenes, however, such glaring colors were not appreciated by the fair performers, so as fast as the Count T—— applied the color, he detected some quiet rubbing down not approved of. At last, however, all is ready, the signal bell rings, the performers in silence take their places, well rehearsed before-hand, and the curtain rises, displaying the introductory tableaux of—

THE FOUNDRY.

Dimly seen by the red uncertain light of the furnaces are the tall powerful forms of the workmen, in their leathern aprons and bared arms, anxiously watching the heating of the metal until the critical moment shall arrive when it will be ready to flow into the mould prepared to receive it.

THE BELL.

Nothing could be more effective than the grouping, coloring, and light, of this Rembrant-like *tableau*, which seemed to give a living interest and force to the words of the poet, uttered by the full, deep voice of the young nobleman, who, enacting the master or foreman, was heard addressing his companions

"Fest gemanet in der Erde," &c.

For the benefit of our readers, we shall give the translation of the recitation.

"Firmly bound, the mould of clay
In its dungeon walls doth stand;
Born must be the bell to-day,
Comrades, haste, now be at hand!

From the brow of all
Must the sweat-drop fall.
If in his work the master live,
The blessing God alone can give.
* * * * *

"Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
But well seasoned let it be,
That the flames compressed may break
Through the cauldron's molten sea;
Boil the copper within,
Quick bring hither the tin;
That the bell's tough metal may
Smoothly flow, in truest way."

Here the voice of the master ceased for a while, and logs of wood were thrust into the furnace, making the sparks fly brightly out, whilst the fire burnt hot and fresh, casting through the dark chamber its reflections on the master and workmen. And now the head workman comes forward and takes up theme:

"What in earth's deep and hidden cell
The hand with fire's help doth speed
Will in the steeple's belfry dwell,
And loudly witness of our deed,
In many an ear its thrilling tale
'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of time;
'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
And join devotion's choral chime.

"Whate'er unto the earth-born crowd
The frown or smile of fortune bring,
The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
While far those cheering accents ring.
* * * * *
With festive, joyous accents rife
It greets the well-beloved child,
Launched on its first career of life,
In slumber's arm so sweet and mild."

As the voice of the workman concluded, uttering these last

words, a strain of soft music arose. Slowly a curtain at the back of the foundry drew up, revealing the pictured scene just described in the poet's words. A long, winding, christening procession, in the picturesque costumes of the middle ages, is approaching the church door. The parents lead the way; the mother's head is turned back to gaze at the infant, lying in the nurse's arms, followed by the sponsors, relatives, and friends. It was easy to detect the artistic feeling which had placed a lovely boy of about eight years old leaning in a graceful attitude against the door of the church, apparently watching the procession advance. This child, the only son of Count B——m, was one of the ornaments of this and the successive tableaux. Three times the curtain rose and fell, the workmen of the foundry, in front of the stage, drawing off to each side, so as not to interfere with the mute and motionless tableau which formed such a brilliant contrast, in light and coloring, to the foundry. As the curtain fell for the last time on this, the first tableau, the music ceased, and the master's voice was again heard:

"See the silver bubbles flow!
Good! the molten billows swell!
Potash in the furnace throw,
For it speeds the casting well.
And from scoria free
Must the mixture be,
That its voice may, full and clear,
Wake the echoes of the sphere."

The workmen, after obeying the master's orders, wait and watch again, listening anew to the foreman, who resumes:

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong;
Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined,
If heart to heart its fetters bind;
Illusion's sweet repentance long.
Sweetly, in the bridal locks,

Smiles the virgin wreath of green,*
When the mellow church bell rocks,
Bidding to the festive scene."

Here again, as the workman's voice paused, the curtain behind the foundry was raised, and before the altar in the tableau were seen kneeling the bride and bridegroom, with the assembled guests. The bride was the young and innocent-looking Countess S—m—, and distinguished among the bridesmaids and guests were the two English girls already referred to. Nothing could be more brilliant than the whole picture, the rich white satin dress of the bride giving prominence to her figure against the dark and richly-slashed velvet dresses surrounding her. After three exhibitions of this tableau to the spectators the curtain fell, and the work of the foundry was resumed. The master's voice being again heard:

"Lo, the pipe's already brown!
I will dip this wand therein,
Doth a glaze the surface crown,
We the casting may begin;

Quick, amid the glow,
Test the medley's flow.
See, if with a goodly sign,
Soft and brittle doth combine."

The proving over, the workman's voice is again heard reciting:

"Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift;
The store-rooms increase, the mansions expand.
Within it reigns
The prudent wife,
The tender mother;
In wisdom's ways
Her house she sways;

* In Germany it is customary for a bride to wear a *green* instead of a white wreath.

Instructeth the girls,
Controlleth the boys;
With diligent hands
She works and commands;
Increases the gains,
And order maintains."

He pauses, and the curtain is again raised behind the foundry, accompanied always by soft music, and displaying a young mother at her spinning-wheel, surrounded by her children prettily grouped with their toys. One boy is, however, raising his whip to strike his companion; the mother's hand has arrested the wheel for a moment that she may raise the other in an attitude of correction towards the culprit. The eldest girl is hanging caressingly over the back of the mother's chair, watching and learning to perform the mother's task. This tableau was particularly touching to the hearts of the German bourgeoisie, and they entreated an additional repetition of it. At last, the curtain falling again, the master recites:

"Good! now may the cast begin.
Firm the fracture is and fair!
But, before we run it in,
Offer up a fervent prayer!
Loose the spigot, loose!
God preserve the house!
Smoking in the hollow cave,
Rushes forth the glowing wave."

When the workmen have obeyed the master's voice and pause again, the workman is once more heard reciting:

"How genial is fire's might,
When tamed and watched by man aright!
Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source
He owes to this celestial force.
But fearful this celestial force,
When bursting forth in madden'd course,
Unshackled on its path so wild,
It rushes, Nature's free-born child

Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
Spreading with unbridled ire,
In the busy street arise
Mountain waves of raging fire!
For the elements despise
Wealth that human hands acquire.

"From the cloud
Blessings rush,
Waters gush;
Where it listeth, light'ning flashes,
Thunder crashes!

"Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?
The tocsin calls!
Red as blood
Glow the skies!
That is not daylight's flood!
Hark! what cries
In street and square
Clouds uptear!

"Surging upwards higher, higher,
Through the streets the pillared fire
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire!
Like the blast in furnace pent
Glows the air, now beams are rent,
Windows rattle, rafters creak,
Mothers wonder, children shriek,
And cattle low
Mid ruin's glow!

"They run, they save, rush to and fro,
The night vies with the daylight's glow!
As the zealous chain expands
Through the hands
Flies the bucket; arching o'er,
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.
Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,
With the raging flames dispute,

Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit;
Through the garner's space they gleam,
Seize the dry and massive beam;
And as though they in their flight
Would the earth-ball with them tear,
Upwards sweeping through the air,
Surge they to the heaven's height,
With giant scope!
Deprived of hope,
Man submits as he surveys,
Wond'ring with an idle gaze,
What the hand of God has done."

Hardly had the reciter's voice concluded this wondrous description of a fire, recalling all the sorrows of their unfortunate brethern at Trauenstein, when the curtain behind the foundry was drawn swiftly up, and there before the spectators was the scene realized: a glaring red light illumined the agonized faces of the townsfolk, watching the fearful progress of the destructive element. Against the burning house a ladder had been placed, and the moment of the tableau was that when a beautiful young boy, without any other covering but his child's shirt, was being carried in the arms of a young man down the ladder. On her knees in the street was the agonized and prayerful mother, the red flames from the house casting strong reflections on her face and on those of the townsfolk grouped around her. This tableau produced a stirring effect on the feelings of the spectators on the night of the court representation; the murmur of applause was increased by the royal party giving the signal for the expression of satisfaction and admiration, and the applause was long and repeated. The curtain fell over it at last, and once more the audience were illumined only by the fitful light from the foundry. And the master's voice was again heard:

"In the earth it is received:
With success the mould we fill;
Will the work, when 'tis achieved,

Recompense our toil and skill?
If the cast should break?
If the mould be weak?
Alas! while hope still cheers us on,
Perhaps fell mischief's done."

Then the workman takes up the strain from the master:

"From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and sadly,
Death's last knell,
The mournful dirge peals from the lofty dome,
To guide a wand'rer to his last long home.
'Tis the wife, the well-beloved one,
'Tis, alas! the faithful mother,
Whom the prince of shadows chases
From her husband's fond embraces,
From her children in their bloom."

The curtain drew slowly up, and revealed a mournful party clothed in black. A father, with his children grouped around, mourning their mother. This scene, which formed to artistic eyes a good contrast to the glowing colors hitherto displayed, was nevertheless painful and therefore dismissed in silence by the spectators. It was not long before the voice of the master again broke the silence with

"Till the bell can cool away,
Let us leave our toil a while.
As the feathered songsters play,
So may each his time beguile.
When the stars appear,
Free from care and fear,
The workman hears the vesper bell,
The master cannot care dispel."

Then the workman's voice continued:

"Cheerful through the forest's gloom
Wends the wanderer his steps
Back to his dear cottage home;

Through the gate
Reels the wain;
'Neath the grain
On the sheaves,
With their many-colored leaves,
Garlands lie;
To the dance the jocund reapers
Jocund hie."

The curtain again drew up revealing a most graceful picture. Peasant girls and men, surrounded by corn sheaves, were in the various attitudes of dancing. Two graceful figures in the foreground were prominent in beauty. One, a young peasant woman, arrayed in brilliant colors, was holding up in her hands, high above her head, a bunch of grapes, the long sweeping tendrils of which had woven themselves round her head and form. Standing behind her was a youthful father, holding up a child to snatch the proffered bunch of grapes. The beauty of the mother, represented by the wife of the Count Charles T——, and the charmingly natural attitude of the father and child was the admiration of all; and this tableau coming after the scene of mourning dazzled the eyes of all by its gayety and brightness. When the curtain dropped again, the master resumed the work at the furnace, saying:—

"Break asunder now the mould,
For its work is done at last;
Let both heart and eye behold
Proudly the successful cast!
Wield the hammer, wield,
Till it split the shield!
Before the bell can rise on high,
The mantle must in pieces fly."

The workman follows up the master's pause, saying:

"Now freedom's cry is heard around,
The peaceful burghers fly to arms;
The streets fill fast, the halls resound,

And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms.
Woe, when within the city's wall,
The smould'ring sparks in silence burn;
The people, bursting from their thrall,
To savage wilfulness return;
Then rocks the bell upon its throne
And howls on high; rebellion calls;
And vow'd but to a peaceful tone,
The signal gives for savage brawls."

Here the curtain again drew up, showing the street of a town. On the ground was the wounded and prostrate figure of an armed man; between him and the pursuers, threatening with spears, swords, and battle-axes, a beautiful but shrinking woman had thrown herself, shielding with her own body that of her dying lover; one hand was raised, and her supplicating face was turned towards the murderous tribe, levelling their weapons against the fallen man.

As the curtain fell, the master resumed his recitation:

"God hath filled me with delight!
Like a golden star, behold!
Like a kernel, smooth and bright,
Peels the metal from the mould!
How the whole doth gleam
Like the sunny beam!
And in the escutcheon's shield
Is a master's hand revealed.
Come in, come in!
Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid
To christen, now, the bell we've made.
Concordia her name shall be!
In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
Unite the loving congregation's zeal."

Again the curtain rose—the triumphant music almost drowning the speaker's voice.

The final tableau displayed the bell itself, "Concordia" written on its side, whilst grouped around it were all the

principal figures of the various tableaux. Soon, again, the music slackened and paused, allowing the master's voice to be heard for the last time:

"With the power of the cable
Raise the bell from out the ground,
That to mount it may be able
Up to heaven's realm of sound.
Pull, comrades, rise!
See, she moves, she sways!
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace, be this her first refrain."

Whilst uttering this final verse, the bell was slowly drawn up to the roof of the theatre, supported at its first movement by the hands of all the fair bevy of performers. When it was seen no more, the curtain fell. The king and queen were graciously pleased to send a message to the performers expressive of their enjoyment of the evening's entertainment, and their satisfaction that the appeal made to the ladies and gentlemen of the court, in aid of the charitable mission, had been so completely and successfully responded to. Several thousand florins were in this manner collected for the inhabitants of Trauenstein; and the artists of Munich were so entirely satisfied with the tableaux vivants, that a series of engravings by Retzsch, illustrating the "Song of the Bell," and drawn from the "living pictures," prepetuated in Germany the evening's amusement.

We have given this little sketch, written by an eye-witness, without any curtailment, believing it will be interesting to our readers, and of service in suggesting plans and ideas when a series of tableaux illustrating any poem or subject is desired. We trust, also, that the persual of the above may incite our youthful readers sometimes to turn their talents and amusements to profit in the cause of charity as successfully as the ladies of Munich.

SHADOW ACTS AND PANTOMIMES.

Of all the various methods which have been devised for furnishing an amusing entertainment, there is, probably, none which so strongly recommends itself for its simplicity, its scope for originality and for genuine fun, as the Shadow Pantomime. To the uninitiated, the effects produced are startling; and to all, if properly managed, ludicrous in the extreme.

In the arrangement of tableaux, it has been seen that their effect is mainly dependent upon the judicious and artistic blending of colors, the expression of the countenance, and the graceful positions of the parties representing them. In this, color is of no consequence, and facial expression is confined entirely to the profile.

The first thing requisite is a white curtain or sheet to receive the shadows. Where there is already a stage and drop curtain, the white sheet is arranged as an extra drop, care being taken to have it hang as tightly and as free from inequalities as possible, and the larger the better. In adapting the exhibition to a parlor entertainment, the white sheet can be stretched on a frame made to fit exactly between sliding or folding doors; before stretching the sheet, it should be thoroughly and uniformly wetted, and then wrung out—this insures sharpness of outline to the shadows.

The *front*, or that side of the sheet appropriated to the audience, must, during the performance, be entirely dark—and on the stage, or behind the sheet, where the performers are, only one bright, steady light; this must be arranged so as to be as near to the ground as possible, and exactly opposite the centre of the sheet. For parlor purposes, where there is gas in the room, the best contrivance is a drop light, whose burner (a good large one) is not more than two or three inches from the ground, and placed so as to present the thin

edge (not the flat) of the flame to the curtain; this will render the outlines all the more distinct and clearly defined. If gas is not to be had, the next best is a tin cup filled with tallow, in the centre of which is a cotton wick secured by a wire coil soldered into the middle of the inside of the cup, to prevent the wick from falling down when the tallow has melted. This tin lamp had better be placed in the centre of a flat dish full of sand, as a precaution against accident.

Where the curtain is large, the light should be placed at a distance of about five or six feet from it; but a small curtain requires the light to be two or three feet further away. The distance can be best ascertained by experiment. If there should be no means of closing the sheet after or in the intervals of a performance, there should be a light placed on each side, behind the curtain, in such a position that no shadow can be thrown by it, and the centre light extinguished, or effectually shaded by placing some solid object close in front of it.

During the performance, care must be taken that those persons whose shadows are not for the moment needed, should stand *behind* the light. An entrance or exit is effected by jumping lightly, or stepping, *sideways*, over the light. This produces an effect on the curtain just as if the shadow had dropped down from or gone up into the ceiling. As *profile* is essential, the side and not the front or back, should, as far as practicable, be presented to the light; and, in using tables or chairs, let them be placed close to, but not touching, the curtain; the nearer the curtain, the clearer the shadow.

In order to bring any article on a table clearly into shadow, it must be placed at the edge of the table nearest the light, otherwise the shadow of the top of the table will obscure the shadow of the lower part of the object; the table, therefore, for general purposes, should not be too wide, and may be just as well a strip of board, from two to three feet long, and eight inches to a foot wide, nailed on to four strips of wood for legs.

An amusing deception can be practised with small objects,

such as cups and saucers, &c., by first placing them at the edge furthest from the light, where they will be out of shadow, and by fastening a string to them (which can be done with a piece of shoemaker's wax) and carrying the end over the edge and down the leg nearest the light, through a small eyelet at the bottom of the leg, and so along the ground to the back of the light. By this means the objects can be drawn across to the edge nearest the light, and they will appear to rise up out of the table. By reversing the arrangement they can be drawn back again, and appear to sink down into the table. For this purpose the table should be a little wider than that ordinarily used.

These, as well as all other minor arrangements will require careful practice and rehearsal before performance, as any bungling will not only destroy the effect dependent on that particular attempt, but may seriously mar the illusion of an entire representation.

Sign-boards can be made out of a strip of card-board, or very stout paper (the letters being cut out), and then pinned onto the back of the curtain. Many scenic effects can be made in this way; for instance: to make a false nose, cut a piece of pasteboard to the required shape, and split open the back edge-sufficiently to allow the real nose to be inserted; it can be fixed securely either by strings attached to each side and tied behind the head, or by gumming on with mucilage. The latter plan is the best, as it admits of the nose being apparently pulled off. When this is done, the performer who loses his nose should have his hand full of sawdust, and, at the moment the false nose is removed, bring that hand up in time to prevent the shadow of his own nose appearing on the curtain; then leaning his head forward, and letting the sawdust drop gently (in little gushes as it were), the blood will seem to drop down, and call forth manifestations of deep emotion (or high delight) from a sympathizing audience. Sawdust is the best thing to represent liquid in the act of pouring; but if the orifice be small, as in the case of a cof-

fee-pot, &c., it will be apt to choke up the spout, and sand, *thoroughly dried*, will be found preferable.

From these few hints and directions, it will be seen what marvellous and laughable effects may be produced by the exercise of a little ingenuity and sufficient practice. Too much stress cannot be laid on thorough rehearsal; everything should be tried over again and again, until perfectly accomplished. Care should also be taken that the acts, or separate pieces performed during an exhibition, be as distinct in details as possible, so as not to allow the effects produced in any one of them to be repeated in any other; everybody knows how much any deception loses by repetition, and a performer, led away on the spur of the moment, by a spirit brimful of fun, is very apt to introduce, as "gags," the very points on which the success of some other piece greatly depends.

A few pantomimes and speaking scenes will be introduced here which will not only provide sufficient materials for a full evening's entertainment, but will suggest the means of adapting almost any amusing piece to the shadow curtain. With each piece thorough directions will be found, which, closely followed and properly managed, are amply sufficient for its successful performance.

It is scarcely necessary to introduce any specimens of tableaux in connection with the shadow pantomime. It is not particularly well adapted to that kind of exhibition, as the effects dependent on grouping, as well as the graceful folds of drapery, cannot be given.

Poses plastiques, or imitations of statuary, including two or three figures only, may be made pretty effective, especially if a sudden and simultaneous change of attitude be accomplished, at a given signal.

The stage directions, *Right*, *Left*, &c., should be understood to refer to the right or left side of the stage as seen by a performer facing the audience.

THE HUNGRY CHINAMAN.

A PANTOMIME.

Characters.

CHINAMAN—*Hungry and moneyless, in search of a meal.*
RESTAURANT KEEPER—*With a very mixed bill of fare.*
WAITER—*Too active to wait long.*
CARPENTER—*With such a saw as you never did see-saw.*

COSTUMES.—CHINAMAN—*This part should be sustained by a very thin person dressed in tight drawers; short sack coat, with short, wide sleeves; Chinese cap, with brim turned up all round; a long pig-tail back of head; long moustache, hanging down about a foot, made of soft cord; and, if possible, short thick shoes, in Chinese style; a piece of putty stuck on the tip of his nose, so as to make a handsome pug (if naturally so gifted, omit the putty), and high cheek bones, made with the same material, will add greatly to the Celestial make-up of his appearance.* THE RESTAURANT KEEPER *should be portly, or be padded to appear so, and should wear an apron in addition to a plain Chinese costume; he must have no hat, but wear his hair smooth on his head, with pigtail and moustache.* THE WAITER *is best represented by a long, thin-legged person, who can take a long stride, and wear neither coat nor hat; a short apron will complete his costume; his head got up as ludicrously as possible, and in Chinese style.* THE CARPENTER *need be distinguished only by a square paper cap, and must be provided with a large pasteboard saw, with large teeth.*

SCENE.—*The right edge of curtain should be trimmed with Chinese cornices similar to the side of a pagoda; and from the upper part a swinging sign, with the words,* RESTAURANT—NO TRUST, *cut in it; this can all be done by cutting the required shapes out of stout paper, and pinning them on the curtain.*

CHINAMAN. (*enters over light.*) Staggering with weakness from extreme hunger, manifested by pressing both hands on stomach, pointing with finger repeatedly to open mouth, and sadly shaking the head and waving the hands. In the course of his agonies, he catches sight of the restaurant sign, and goes through action of delight, cutting capers, throwing up and catching his hat, etc., at last summons Restaurant Keeper, by stamping twice with foot and majestically beckoning with one arm, then stands with folded arms, waiting.

RESTAURANT KEEPER. (*enter right.*) Obsequiously bowing and rubbing his hands one over the other.

CHINAMAN demands food. (*stamps twice and points with finger to open mouth*), and then points with hand (*off right*), as if instructing him to go and fetch something to eat.

RESTAURANT KEEPER unrolls a long bill of fare, pointing to the different articles on it, as if for the Chinaman to select to his taste. (*The bill of fare is a strip of strong paper, six inches wide and three feet long, with different designs cut out in succession; for instance; a string of four or five sausages, a frog, a fowl, a pig, a nice pair of rats, a snake, a cat, a dog, half a dozen eggs, and as much as will fill the paper in length, of such humorous objects as the fancy may suggest.*)

CHINAMAN selects a great variety, and exhibits signs of impatience.

RESTAURANT KEEPER turns to go (*off right*), and receives an additional impetus from Chinaman's best leg foremost.

CHINAMAN continues to manifest severe internal pangs of hunger, pointing to open mouth, and rolling on the ground on his stomach, and a variety of other contortions. (*This should be the result of careful practice, as the shadow can be made to assume most ludicrous and impossible positions, if ingenuity be exercised*).

WAITER (*enters right*), empty handed, and is received with a fury of impatience by Chinaman, who finally chases him off the stage (*left*), follows him, and both reappear immediately (*over light*) in flight and pursuit, and the Waiter escapes (*off right*).

CHINAMAN exhausted, puffs and blows, shaking fist (*off right*), and finally sits down, squatting (*left of stage, facing right*).

WAITER (*enters right*), with a basket full of the articles (*cut out of pasteboard*) Chinaman has ordered, and sets it down in front of him.

CHINAMAN, in delightful anticipation, signs impatiently to Waiter to hand over the food quickly, and receives one by one, a large number of objects from the Waiter, which he, with great ostentation, swallows, rubbing himself down the breast and showing signs of extreme delight. (*The act of swallowing is accomplished by passing the object just behind the shadow of the open mouth, and letting it drop down at the side of the performer, where it can remain flat on the ground, and may be used over and over again, at the option of performer.*) At last he comes to a big rat, which he holds up by the end of its long tail. At this rather less delicate morsel he hesitates; measures his open mouth with his fingers, and compares with size of rat. After some doubt, he crams it (apparently) down, but before he lets go of its tail (the only part now visible) he chokes, and tries to eject it, seemingly tugging at the tail to get it out, in which, after a protracted struggle, he succeeds, and shows symptoms of great relief; after viewing it a moment, he again attempts to swallow it (having first bent it a trifle so as to make its shadow a degree thinner), and manages to worry it down. (*During this time, the performer must manage to stuff out the front of his drawers with a cloth, previously laid flat on the ground, so that when he gets up, his insides will appear to have benefited by his varied repast.*) He now gets up, throws basket (*over light*), and then kicks Waiter (*over light*), and dances around, delighted to find that his stomach is in better condition.

RESTAURANT KEEPER, (*enters right*) and goes through business of complimenting him on his improved appearance, concluding with politely requesting his money, handing Chinaman a card with $12 (*cut out*) on it.

CHINAMAN as politely receives it and gracefully bows Res-

taurant Keeper out. (*Exit Restaurant Keeper, right.*) He then regards the card with astonishment, pulls both pockets inside out, feels all over himself, looks in his shoes—can't find a cent; first appears greatly troubled, then stands in attitude of deep thought (*left hand on right elbow, head bent down a little, and right forefinger tapping forehead*).

RESTAURANT KEEPER (*enters right*), demands his money, (*holds out left hand, palm upwards, and taps it with back of fingers of right hand, also palm upwards*).

CHINAMAN conveys him the information that he has none.

RESTAURANT KEEPER indignantly and peremptorily demands it, working himself up into a passion, threatening Chinaman.

CHINAMAN falls on his knees and begs to be spared.

RESTAURANT KEEPER won't hear of it—calls (*claps his hands three times*) for Waiter, who enters (*over light*) and orders him to fetch the carpenter—(*points upward and goes through motions of sawing*). Exit Waiter (*over light*), returning immediately (*same way*) with carpenter.

RESTAURANT KEEPER signs to carpenter that Chinaman has eaten till his stomach has swelled, and then won't pay, and explains by signs that he wants carpenter to cut him open, in order to get his food back again.

CHINAMAN, horror-stricken, implores for mercy, but can make no impression on the obdurate Restaurant Keeper, and finally tragically faints (*centre of stage*) from terror.

CARPENTER with a great deal of preparation and fuss, with the assistance of Waiter, who holds Chinaman's legs down, commences to saw him open, longitudinally of course, the Restaurant Keeper gazing with folded arms.

POSITIONS.—*Chinaman laying full length on ground, centre head to right. Waiter left, kneeling, with hands on Chinaman's feet. Carpenter right, with left hand on Chinaman's forehead, holding his head down. Saw in right hand, going through motion of sawing, apparently getting deeper at each cut. (This action takes place at side of, and not on Chinaman, the saw will thus appear to penetrate.)*

RESTAURANT KEEPER now advances, laughing, and picking up all the articles that Chinaman swallowed (*now laying flat by Chinaman's side*), one by one, looks at them and throws over light—(*while this is going on, the cloth must be withdrawn from Chinaman's drawers, so that his stomach will have shrunk to its former meagre dimensions.*)

CHINAMAN during this operation occasionally gives a twitch or a start, as if of pain.

CARPENTER then goes off (*over light*), returning with a stout twine, and long (*wire*) needle, and immediately goes through the motion of sewing up Chinaman's much abused inwards, at conclusion of which all exeunt (*over light*), except Chinaman.

CHINAMAN gradually recovers—rubs his eyes as if he had been dreaming. Gazes with dismay at his reduced stomach, and after a little by-play of uncertainty what to do, gets slowly over the light.

COFFEE AND PISTOLS FOR TWO.

A SHADOW ACT.

Characters.

JONES—*A Tailor.*
SMITH—*A Cobbler.*

COSTUMES.—JONES—*Coat with long narrow tails; tight pants; skull-cap and wig over; hat with narrow brim.* SMITH—*No coat; shirt sleeves rolled over elbow; small cap and wig over; crushed hat.*

PROPERTIES.—*A small table; two cups and saucers; two spoons; half-a-dozen large imitation spiders, flies, &c.; two pistols (wooden); two chairs; a cobbler's bench, &c.; an old shoe; a tailor's flat-iron (profile cut out of card-board); a hammer (made of wood). The spiders, &c., can be made of bits of cork and wire, each secured to separate pieces of very fine white spool-cotton, the ends of which should pass over a wire stretched across, close to the curtain (and*

high enough to cast no shadow), and carried back and secured beyond the light; the wire must be smooth, so that the threads can slide along as well as up and down.

SMITH. (*Seated on cobbler's bench, right, yawning and stretching himself.*) Why, I declare, I've been asleep. (*Yawns.*) And here's Jones's shoe not finished. Where's my hammer? (*Hammer is thrown to him over the light—this must be neatly done, so that it does not turn over*—SMITH *catches it by the handle, and commences business with hammer and shoe.*)

JONES. (*Jumps over the light, knocks* SMITH'S *hat over his eyes.*) My shoe done? say.

SMITH. (*Adjusting his hat.*) Do you take my hat for a street door, that you must knock on it to come in? (*Knocks* JONES *down with shoe*) Yes, your shoe is done, well done.

JONES. (*Getting up.*) Yes, over done; hand it over.

SMITH. (*Throws shoe over light.*) There, go up and fetch it. (JONES *jumps back over light, then throws shoe over light, nearly up to curtain, and jumps forward over light after shoe.*) Phew! that was an awful chase, anyhow. Lucky I had my goose with me—I should never have come down again without something heavy in my pocket. (*Draws flat-iron from under coat.*)

JONES *and* SMITH *fight with flat-iron and hammer;* JONES *snatches hammer from* SMITH'S *hand and throws it over light (some one behind should catch it before it falls to the ground—this should always be done when anything is thrown that would make a noise in falling);* SMITH *snatches and throws flat-iron over; they throw one another's hats, and lastly wigs, over; then clap hands on their bald heads and jump over after their wigs and hats; put them on again and jump forward again quickly; both stand staring at one another, hands on knees, and breathing hard, as if afraid of each other.*

SMITH. What's the use of raising a muss, any how? Let's sit down and have a cup of coffee, eh?

JONES. Coffee! why of course. Why didn't you say so before?

SMITH. Hullo, Tom!

A VOICE (*behind, answers,*) Hullo yourself.

SMITH. Is that coffee ready?

VOICE. Yes. Come and fetch it!

A table with two cups of coffee, and two buns fastened to strings over the wire, have been placed ready over the light (but not in shadow). SMITH and JONES, each stretch out an arm back and lift table forward (this makes the table appear to be lifted down from the ceiling and their arms stretched out to a great length). The exact position of the table legs must have been previously marked on the floor so that a spider can be let fall into each cup. A chair is handed to each, over the light, and they both sit down, one on each side of the table. Business with spoons, stirring coffee, etc. Each bun has had beforehand, a good bite taken out of its side, but placed so that the bitten side is not in profile.

JONES. (*Takes up his bun, appears to take a bite and lays it down again*). That's bully cake. Why don't you try yours, Smith?

SMITH. (*Picks his bun up, bringing bitten side in profile*). What do you mean by eating my cake, you hog!

JONES. Hog yourself. I didn't touch your cake.

SMITH. (*Picking up* JONES' *cake so that bitten side is in profile*). P'raps you think you can fool me. See here! (*Shows him cake apparently whole.*)

JONES. Guess you've gone clean crazy—(*picks up* SMITH'S *cake, profile whole.*) Nothing the matter with yours.

SMITH. Drop my cake!

JONES. You drop mine then—you want to pick up a quarrel again—can't do it with this one, not if I know myself. How much for fixing my shoe?

SMITH *taps his forehead, counts on his fingers, goes through business of calculating.* JONES *raises cup to mouth gently. Spider falls in front of cup just before* JONES' *nose*—JONES *terrified, with head thrown back and mouth open. Spider drops in mouth. (This deception is effected by letting the spider drop down side of head furthest from curtain—passing behind open mouth, and can be held with*

one hand kept carefully in shadow of body). JONES *sets cup down, making noise as though choking.*

SMITH. That shoe will cost—(*sees* JONES *choking*). Hullo, what's the matter? Thought you'd choke yourself. Can't eat and drink without something of the kind happening—who's hog now?

JONES. (*Spluttering and spitting out spider, which is drawn up out of sight.*) Boo! Ugh! S'pose you'll try and make me believe you didn't put that spider in my cup.

SMITH. Ha! ha! (*Laughs heartily, then quietly takes up his cup to drink.*)

Big fly does same to him as spider did to JONES *; same business*—SMITH *getting rid of fly ; both start up indignant, gesticulate over table, and at last sit down again, and prepare to eat, each stretches hand to grasp his cake, which both go gradully up out of sight; as they go up, flies and spiders come down and play around their faces, uplifted in astonishment ; then both put table back* (*same way as they lifted it forward*) *over light, and the insects are drawn up.*

SMITH. (*Shaking his fist at* JONES.) I won't stand this, no how! (*Calls back.*) Here! pistols for two.

Behind the light two assistants have each a pistol ready, one of which is thrown (*very carefully, in profile*) *butt towards each performer ; if cleverly caught with one hand, the pistols will appear as if they dropped from the ceiling into the performers' hands.*

BOTH. Die, villain! Die!

Two torpedoes are exploded behind, one after the other, and both combatants drop ; and, after a pause, JONES *crawls to light, gets up gradually, and steps over, followed by* SMITH, *in same manner, to slow, solemn music.*

A CLEAN SHAVE.

A SHADOW PANTOMIME.

Characters.

SAM—*A barber, given to barbarous practices.*
JONES—*A candidate for a clean shave, and gets it.*

COSTUMES.—SAM—*Tight-fitting vest and pantaloons; no coat; frizzled wig, and short apron; big watch and fob chain.* JONES—*Long-tailed coat; short pantaloons; a hat made extra high by the addition of a piece of card-board or stout paper; large false nose; a close-fitting skull-cap, covered with a long-haired wig, false moustache and long false whiskers.* (*For directions for false nose see page* 145.

PROPERTIES.—*A chair, left of stage; right of stage, a barber's pole, with spiral stripes, cut out of stout paper, and pinned onto curtain; a large razor made of pasteboard, the blade and handle separate pieces, each about eighteen inches long, and riveted together, so as to open and shut; a pair of scissors about two feet long, made of two pieces of pasteboard, fastened together with a rivet in the middle; a whitewash brush, to serve as a shaving brush, and a bucket for a shaving pot; a large towel, or cloth; a broom, standing just beyond right of curtain, and a napkin.*

It has already been remarked, (*page* 144), *that where there is no drop curtain, or means of covering the sheet from the view of the audience, the light must be entirely prevented from shining on the sheet, by placing a solid object, a large book on edge, for instance, close in front of it, and when this is withdrawn* (*which should be done slowly and upwards*), *it will have the same effect as rolling up a drop curtain.*

SCENE.—*The curtain, rising, should discover the chair reversed* (*left side*), *with its back right, and* SAM *laying on the floor, with head and shoulders resting on the sloping back of the chair, asleep.*

SAM, gradually waking up, turns on one side and stretches upper leg upwards and over the light, turns over on his other side and stretches his other leg in the same direction, then sits up, rubs his eyes, and yawns, stretching first one arm, and then the other, over towards the light. (*The effect of this stretching, if properly done, will be to make each limb in succession appear to stretch out to a great length, and then draw in again.*) He then, gradually getting up on his feet, goes through the motion of a man half awake. Giving himself a good shake all over, he looks around him, turns the chair up on its legs, looks at his watch, and appears astonished at the lateness of the hour. He moves, in consequence, a little more briskly, reaches the broom, and commences to sweep out his place; after which, takes napkin, and carefully dusts the chair all over, as well as the barber's pole. This finished, he puts away his broom, hangs the napkin over his left arm, and rubs his hands as if satisfied with things in general.

[*Exit left.*

JONES (*enters over light.*) Looks around him and sees the barber's pole—examines it, and after a moment's thought, seems to understand what it means, exhibits signs of delight at the discovery, and summons the barber.

SAM (*enters left*). Bows and dances forward with actions of deep respect—then standing upright and looking straight at Jones—gives way to frantic hilarity at his general appearance, especially his hat, but is brought to his sober senses again by a kick from Jones, who shows signs of anger. He then seems to apologize.

JONES signifies his desire to get shaved and have his hair cut. (*For shaving, go through motions of shaving cheeks and chin with forefinger; and for hair-cutting, take a long lock of hair in one hand by the ends, and open and shut the first and second finger of the other hand, imitating the actions of a pair of scissors.*) Passes Sam with a stately tread, and sits down in the chair.

SAM shakes his fist behind Jones' back, and acts as if he would like to kick him, but changes his demeanor the moment Jones faces round again—arranges the towel under

Jones' chin, lifts hat carefully from Jones' head and kicks it over light.

JONES starts up in a rage, but

SAM leads him back to seat with great politeness, vehement in his apologies, and then jumps over light, returning with bucket and brush, which he sets down front of Jones, and goes through business of making lather in the bucket.

JONES again starts up, pointing at bucket and brush, and refuses to have them used on him.

SAM leads him back to chair with the same politeness as before, soothing him, then jumps over light and fetches his razor, goes through the business of sharpening razor on his boot, and pulling a hair out of his head, tries if it is sharp enough.

JONES now jumps up thoroughly scared at the fearful razor (*if* JONES *can wear a trick wig, the hair at the back part of which, on pulling a string, stands up on end, the effect will be greatly increased*), protests against being shaved with such a murderous weapon, and starts to run away.

SAM catches hold and pushes him on the chair again, brandishing the razor before him, as if threatening him with fearful consequences if he does not sit quiet, then proceeds to lather him with the brush, persisting in the operation in spite of Jones' sputterings and endeavors to avoid it. He next seizes Jones' whisker with left hand, and commences to cut it off downwards, the razor is too dull and takes apparently firm hold. He struggles to get the razor through, dragging poor Jones around, but not succeeding this time, he puts him back on the chair, at the same time by threats compelling him to remain quiet while he proceeds to give the razor another touch on his boot. Thoroughly satisfied that the razor is now in fine order, he proceeds with his job, and relieves Jones of his whiskers, the moustache follows next, and he then wipes his face off carefully with napkin.

JONES gets up and intimates that he will have his hair cut another time, telling Sam that he does not know how to

shave. (*This is done by* JONES *pointing at* SAM, *going through motion of shaving, and then shaking his head.*)

SAM pushes Jones back into chair, and makes signs that he is going to cut his hair whether Jones will or no, jumps quickly over light and returns with his scissors.

JONES with renewed terror runs off left, followed by Sam, both immediately re-appearing (*over light*), Jones first, who sits down exhausted, and seeing further resistance useless, resigns himself to his fate.

SAM commences to cut Jones hair, but the scissors are not sharp enough, raising Jones half out of the chair at each attempt, so he throws away the scissors (*over light*) and jumps back (*over light*), returning with razor, with one fell swoop of which he peels off wig entire.

JONES goes through action of distress at his bald head, and gets in a passion, and a general scuffle ensues. At last

SAM grabs the tails of Jones' coat, which both come off in his hands, then opening his razor, cuts Jones' nose off (*for actions of bleeding nose, see page* 145), and runs away.

[*Exit* SAM *over light.*

JONES is now in a sad plight, bald-headed and noseless, he staggers about, now and then letting the blood drop from his wounded face, bewails the loss of his coat-tails, and gives signs of great distress, ultimately creeping sadly away.

[*Exit* JONES *over light.*

The person who plays the part of JONES *must be very careful to keep his nose covered with one hand, from the moment he is supposed to have parted company with that useful feature, until he is out of sight* (*shadowly speaking*) *of the audience; want of precaution in this respect may afford ocular demonstration that his nose is still on his face, and destroy the effect of* SAM'S *last grand achievement.*

BOX AND COX.

A SHADOW ACT, ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR FARCE OF THE SAME NAME.

Characters.

BOX—*A Journeyman Printer.*
COX—*A Journeyman Hatter.*
MRS. BOUNCER—*Their Landlady.*

COSTUMES.—BOX—*Short coat; pantaloons turned up at bottom; high hat without brim; nose made up as a pug.* COX—*Jacket; tight pantaloons, very short; large shoes; tall hat; wig, with very short hair, standing upright; nose, a handsome Roman.* MRS. BOUNCER—*Scanty gown; high cap, with very large frill standing up in front; loose sleeves.* (*In stepping over light, the skirts should be lifted up a little, to avoid the risk of catching fire.*)

PROPERTIES.—*A small table each side of stage, out of shadow, for convenience in putting things out of hand; each should be placed so as to leave room to allow of exit and entrance between it and the curtain; on the table, right, a tray, with cup and saucer, tea-pot, &c., on it; three hats for* COX, *all too large for him; small narrow table, for centre of stage; two round pieces of card, about three inches in diameter, each having a head and stars cut out of it, in imitation of a copper cent. Two pairs of dice, made of card, about two inches square, with the six spot punched out of all of them, and fastened on edge of stage table nearest the light, one pair near each end, hinged in such manner as will allow of their hanging down out of shadow, and also being turned up in shadow by means of finger; or they may be loose, so as to be held up between the thumb and finger close to the curtain, but for this purpose, two inches square will be large enough; two sets of four cards each, representing the four aces of two packs of cards, these may be cut out af any old playing cards; two rapiers, made of wood; a wire gridiron, made double, to hinge together; a profile fish, about eight*

inches long ; three sausages strung together, may be made of rags ; a small bolster, nearly empty ; large imitation match-box ; profile dice-box, apparently large enough to hold the dice ; clay pipe for Box ; *candle-stick, with short candle on table, right ; a steel fork ; two chairs.*

Scene.—*Profile of a stove, extreme left of curtain (while this is being used, place a stool or box, to put the gridiron on, top just level with top of stove, and out of shadow) ; small table centre of stage.*

Enter Cox, *left, without hat.*

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again ! I look as if I had just come from the Penitentiary. And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends ! Never mind—I shan't meet any anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare ! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfill my destiny. (*Knock behind.*) Open locks, whoever knocks !

Enter Mrs. Bouncer, *over light.*

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox ?

Cox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a-half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox. Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Cox. Cut ? It strikes me I've had it mowed ! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat. (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat

fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Goes off left, and returns, with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*) This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wabble about rather less than the others—(*puts on hat*)—and now I'm off! By the bye, Mrs. Bouncer, who is that individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up? From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

MRS. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

COX. Well, good morning, Mrs. Bouncer!

MRS. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

COX. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster! (*Going, stops.*) A cent's worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate. [*Exit, over light.*

MRS. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. Then make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes differ so. (*Goes off left, then appears with a very thin bolster in her hand.*) The idea of Mr. Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! (*She disappears again, left.*)

BOX. (*Without.*) Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters over light.*)

MRS. B. (*Entering left.*) Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

BOX. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

MRS. B. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare, you're quite pale in the face!

BOX. What color would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

MRS. B. But, then, you've all the day to yourself.

BOX. So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments, and going to bed.

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Box! (*Going.*)

BOX. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

MRS. B. Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

BOX. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

MRS. B. Yes, sir. And, by the bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

BOX. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining county.

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

BOX. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

MRS. B. Well, Mr. Box, do you want anything more of me?

BOX. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

MRS. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder?

[*Exit over light.*

BOX. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got some sausages somewhere. (*Feeling in his pockets.*) I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased some sausages. Oh, here they are. (*Produces them, wrapped in paper, and places on table.*) And a penny roll. (*Puts roll on table, centre of stage.*) The next thing is to light the fire. Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad! I had a whole box full of matches three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred! (*Takes candlestick from table off right side, in which there is a very small end of candle—looks at it.*) Now, I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinion touching this candle. In the first place, a candle is an article that I don't require, because I'm only at home in the day time—and I bought this candle on the first of May, calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone! (*Reaches gridiron from same table.*) Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! (*Opens gridiron, and then lays sausages on the gridiron, and puts it down on stove.*) I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the cooking of my sausages. (*Yawning.*) I must lie down—so, here goes. (*Goes off right side.*)

Cox. (*Enters hurriedly, over light.*) Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a-half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday." It's so long since I had a day to myself that I can't make up my mind what to do—where to go. However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a herring, so I shan't want any dinner. (*Puts herring on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Halloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Halloa—(*seeing the match-box on table*) who presumes to touch my box of matches? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Hey-day! why, the fire *is* lighted! Where's the gridiron? *On* the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Sausages? Sausages it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there's a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! (*Pokes fork into sausages, and puts them on a plate on the table, then places his herring on the gridiron, which he puts on stove.*) Now, then, for my breakfast things. (*Goes out, left.*)

Box. (*Enters, right.*) I wonder how long I've been asleep! (*Suddenly recollecting.*) Goodness gracious! my sausages! (*Runs to the fireplace.*) Halloa! what's this? A herring? Whose herring? Mrs. Bouncer's I'll be bound. She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with *my* coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my sausages? (*Seeing them on table.*) Here they are. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs the fork into the herring, and throws over light.*) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (*With the fork he puts the sausages on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things.

[*Exit right.*

COX. (*Enters, left, with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on table, and suddenly recollects.*) Oh, goodness! my herring! (*Runs to fireplace.*) Holloa—what's this? The sausages again! Oh, pooh! Zounds—confound it—dash it—I can't stand this! (*Pokes fork into sausages and throws over light, and meets* BOX, *entering left, with his tea things.*) Who are you, sir?

BOX. If you come to that—who are *you?*

COX. What do you want here, sir?

BOX. If you come to that—what do *you* want?

COX. (*Aside.*) It's the printer! (*Puts tea things on the table.*)

BOX. (*Aside.*) It's the hatter! (*Puts tea things on table.*)

COX. Go to your attic, sir—

BOX. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

COX. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

BOX. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

COX. *Your* apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir! (*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*) Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

BOX. (*Produces a paper, and holds it close to* COX's *face.*) Ditto, sir!

COX. (*Suddenly shouting.*) Thieves!

BOX. Murder!

BOTH. Mrs. Bouncer!

MRS. B. (*Enters over light.*) What is the matter? (COX *and* BOX *seize* MRS. BOUNCER *by the arm.*)

BOX. Instantly remove that hatter!

COX. Immediately turn out that printer!

MRS. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

COX. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*)

BOX. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*) Whose room is this?

COX. Yes, woman! whose room is this?

BOX. Doesn't it belong to me?

MRS. B. No!

COX. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

MRS. B. No! It belongs to both of you! (*Sobbing.*)

COX AND BOX. Both of us?

MRS. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman (*pointing to* BOX) only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman (*pointing to* COX) at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

BOX AND COX. (*Eagerly.*) When will your little back second floor room be ready?

MRS. B. Why, to-morrow—

COX. I'll take it!

BOX. So will I!

MRS. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

COX AND BOX. True.

COX. I spoke first, sir—

BOX. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go—

COX. Go? Pooh! pooh!

MRS. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

COX AND BOX. Then put it up!

MRS. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now *do* keep your tempers. [*Exit over light.*

COX. What a disgusting position!

BOX. (*Sitting down on chair, at one side of table.*) Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it.

COX. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir. (*Seating himself at the table opposite* BOX.)

BOX. Very well, sir!

COX. Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent *you* from going out.

BOX. Don't flatter yourself, sir. (COX *is about to break a piece of the roll off.*) Halloa! that's my roll, sir! (*Snatches it*

away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it, and puffs smoke across to Cox.)

Cox. Holloa! What are you about, sir?

Box. What am I about? I'm about to smoke.

Cox. Wheugh! (*Crosses right.*) I'll have to open the window.

Box. Holloa! (*Turns round.*) Put down that window, sir!

Cox. Then put your pipe out, sir!

Cox. There! (*Puts pipe on table.*)

Cox. There! It's shut. (*Re-seats himself.*)

Box. I shall retire to my pillow. (*Takes off his jacket, then goes towards right.*)

Cox. (*Jumps up, seizes* Box.) I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed.

Box. *Your* bed? Hark ye, sir—can you fight?

Cox. No, sir.

Box. No? Then come on! (*Sparring at* Cox.)

Cox. Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"

Box. *Seats himself*—Cox *does the same.*) I say, sir—

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir.

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box. Besides, it was all Mrs. Bouncer's fault, sir.

Cox. Entirely, sir.

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. Very well, sir! (*Pause.*)

Box. As we both seem to claim this room, suppose we decide by chance who shall yield possession to the other. Ha! I've got a pack of cards. Suppose we cut to decide. Highest wins.

Cox. I'm with you. Why, I do believe I have a pack of cards, too. (*Both produce their cards and place them on table.*)

Box. (*Cutting, and holding up an ace.*) Ace! Thought you'd lose.

Cox. (*Also cutting, with same result.*) Who says lose? Ace!

They both repeat operation three times, excitedly, always turning an ace, (care should be taken that the ace of a different suit be held up each time.)

Box. (*Throwing his cards over light in disgust.*) That won't do. Let's try something else. What do you say to dice?

Cox. With all my heart! Dice, by all means. (*Eagerly.*)

Box. (*Aside.*) That's lucky! Mrs. Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones. (*Goes off right and brings the dice-box.*)

Cox. (*Aside.*) I've no objection at all to dice. I lost nine dollars and ninety cents, at Coney Island, to a very gentlemanly-looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes; I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another ten cents, and he gave me the dice. (*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses match-box as a substitute for dice-box, which is on table.*)

Box. Now then, sir!

Cox. I'm ready, sir! (*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*) Will you lead off, sir?

Box. As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins.

Cox. Of course, sir.

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. (*Rattling dice and throwing.*) Sixes!

Cox. That's not a bad throw of yours, sir. (*Rattling dice—throws.*) Sixes!

Box. That's a pretty good one of yours, sir. (*Throws.*) Sixes!

Cox. (*Throws.*) Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Those are not bad dice of yours, sir.

Cox. Yours seem pretty good ones, sir.

Box. Suppose we change?

Cox. Very well, sir. (*They change dice.*)

Box. (*Throwing.*) Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. (*Flings down the dice.*) Pooh! It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir.

Cox. I shall go on till my luck changes, sir!

Box. Let's try something else. I have it! Suppose we toss?

Cox. The very thing I was going to propose!

They each turn aside, and take out a handful of money.

Box. (*Aside, examining money.*) Where's my tossing cent? Here it is! (*Selecting coin.*)

Cox. (*Aside, examining money.*) Where's my lucky penny? I've got it!

Box. Now, then, sir—heads win?

Cox. Or tails lose—whichever you prefer.

Box. It's the same to me, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir. Heads, I win—tails, you lose.

Box. Yes—(*suddenly*) no. Heads win, sir.

Cox. Very well—go on!

They are standing opposite to each other.

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Box. Ain't you rather tired of turning up heads, sir!

Cox. Couldn't you vary the monotony of our proceedings by an occasional tail, sir?

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads!

Box. Heads? Stop, sir! Will you permit me? (*Taking* Cox's *penny.*) Holloa! your penny has got no tail, sir!

Cox. (*Seizing* Box's *cent.*) And your cent has got two heads, sir!

Box. Cheat!

Cox. Swindler!

They are about to rush upon each other, then retreat to some distance, and commence sparring, and striking fiercely at one another. Then each goes off on his own side, returning with a rapier, with which they go through considerable but fruitless fighting, at last, both exhausted, drop the points of their swords to ground, and, after a pause,—

Cox. I don't think I want to hurt you, Box.

Box. Feeling's mutual, Cox; let's think it over.

Cox. No! let's shake hands.

Box. Just my idea, exactly.

Both throw swords over light, and shake hands cordially.

Mrs. B. (*Putting her head in left side.*) The little second floor back room is quite ready!

Cox. I don't want it!

Box. No more do I!

Cox. What shall part us?

Box. What shall tear us asunder?

Cox. Box!

Box. Cox! (*About to embrace*—Box *stops, seizes* Cox's *hand, and looks eagerly in his face.*) You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox. No!

Box. Then it is he!

They rush into each other's arms.

Cox. Of course we stop where we are!

Box. Of course!

Cox. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

Box. So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable—

Box. And I'm sure the mistress of it, from what I have seen of her, is very anxious to please.

Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by her.

Box. Agreed! There's my hand upon it—join but yours—agree that the house is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied!

HOSPITAL PRACTICE.

A HYPER-CHIRURGICAL PANTOMIME.

Characters and Costumes.

Doctor—*Long-tailed coat, knee breeches, shoes, hat with broad brim and low crown, very large spectacles.*

Assistant—*In tights, with sugar-loaf hat, short coat.*

Patients—*In costume to fancy.*

Properties.—*A small narrow table; profile saw, large; a pair of pincers, about eighteen inches long; a large profile tooth; four or five yards of wide tape, on one end of which is fastened the profile of a snake's head; imitation of a brace and bit; profile lobster four or five inches in size; a butcher knife and some sawdust; mallet and chisel. A chair.*

Scene.—*Discovers the* Doctor *with spectacles in hand, standing right of small table (placed right side so as to leave the centre of curtain clear).*

DOCTOR is apparently cleaning his spectacles, and looking through them occasionally the reverse way, to see if they are clean. He next takes up his instruments (*which are lying on the table*), one by one, examining them with great care, to see if they are in good order. As he is just concluding his investigations, a noise, as of a person in pain, is heard behind. Doctor starts, listens, rubs his hands at the prospect of a job, and calls his Assistant.

ASSISTANT (*enters left*), cutting grotesque antics ending with a low salaam (*bows low with arms arched over head*).

DOCTOR (*listens, hand to ear*), points *off back*, nods his head and motions to Assistant to go and see what is the matter.

ASSISTANT (*exit over light*), returning with patient staggering and moaning, and holding his left shoulder with right hand. (*An exact profile of the patient's left arm and hand should be fastened outside his left shoulder—the real left arm being held close to side and the hand secure in pocket—and hang down loosely, as if dislocated at shoulder joint. The patient must be careful to bring his profile only in shadow, to prevent real arm being seen.*)

DOCTOR examines him all over, at last lifts the false arm and lets it drop again, nods his head as if satisfied that he has found out what the trouble is. He again lifts the arm, and appears with great care to examine the shoulder—shakes his head, motions it is a bad case, and that the arm must be amputated.

ASSISTANT jumps around with delight, goes through the motions of cutting his arm off, and laughs.

DOCTOR beckons him to come and hold up the false arm straight out, which he does, cutting capers meanwhile.

PATIENT stamps with pain, and shakes his right fist at the Assistant, who becomes quiet.

DOCTOR fetches his knife, re-arranges position of false arm, and appears to cut round the shoulder clean to the bone, the patient writhing and howling under the treatment. Doctor next fetches his saw, and commences sawing through the shoulder bone. (*At the same time unfastening the false arm,*

so that, when the sawing is finished, the shoulder end falls down, and swings by the hand end held by the ASSISTANT).

ASSISTANT catches the amputated shoulder with the hand that he has at liberty (*in which he should have some sawdust ready*), and letting a little blood run out of the shoulder, throws the false arm over light.

DOCTOR is busy rubbing the place where the arm came off, with one hand, while with the other he supports the patient, who has fainted, and brings the real arm into shadow.

PATIENT comes to himself gradually, and finding his arm in good working order, tries its action in every way, swinging it round, etc., at last knocks the Doctor down with his new arm, and jumps over light.

ASSISTANT, with hands on knees, laughing heartily, points at Doctor and jumps over light.

DOCTOR picks himself slowly up, and signifies his indignation at the treatment he has received—has cut the man's arm off and received no pay—at last, goes to table and wipes his knife and saw carefully and arranges his instruments. Somebody knocks—he summons his Assistant, who enters (*over light*), and sends him backs (*over light*) to see who knocks.

ASSISTANT returns (*over light*) with a patient, suffering from toothache (*signified by holding face with hand*).

PATIENT motions to Doctor that he has a severe toothache, and opens his mouth wide for the Doctor to examine.

DOCTOR looks in Patient's mouth, holds up both hands in amazement, shakes his head, and informs him that the tooth must come out.

PATIENT demurs, would rather not.

DOCTOR insists no other way to relieve him.

PATIENT signifies that if it must be, he is willing.

DOCTOR sends Assistant for a chair.

ASSISTANT (*exit right, returning with chair*), places chair right, invites the Patient to be seated and places himself behind the chair.

PATIENT reluctantly sits down, getting up and sitting down again two or three times, as if he could hardly make up his mind to undergo the operation.

DOCTOR takes his forceps from the table and advances towards Patient.

PATIENT recoils in horror from the delicate instrument.

DOCTOR motions to Assistant to hold him down firmly on the chair, which he does by placing both hands on the Patient's shoulders.

DOCTOR (*who has the profile tooth concealed in his vest*), opens Patient's mouth and inserts the pincers, seeming to select carefully the proper tooth, and with one foot raised on front of chair, makes believe to pull vigorously. The poor Patient, firmly held by the Assistant, can offer but feeble resistance, but the tooth remains fast. The Doctor, taking a shorter hold of the pincers, advances near enough to conceal the shadow of the Patient's head for an instant, during which he conceals, and holds the profile tooth at side of Patient's head, just below the ear, and then with a mighty wrench, using both hands for this last grand effort, produces the tooth, apparently from Patient's mouth, and holds it up in triumph.

PATIENT holds his jaw with both hands (*in one of which is a little sawdust*) and leaning forward, lets a little blood gush out of his mouth. Then, shaking his fist at Doctor, jumps over light.

DOCTOR signs to Assistant to follow and bring Patient back, as he has not paid his fee.

ASSISTANT jumps over light, and reappears same way informing Doctor that he cannot find Patient, he is gone.

DOCTOR walks up and down in a rage, and finally wipes off his forceps and starts to go off stage (*right*), but is arrested by hearing a loud and impatient knocking (*back of stage*). He starts, then motions that he has cut off an arm, no pay; has drawn a tooth, no pay; does not want any more Patients. (*Knocking repeated still louder than before.*) Summons his Assistant, and sends him to see who knocks.

ASSISTANT starts to go over light, but is run against and knocked down by

PATIENT (*entering over light*), clasps his head with both hands as if in great pain, and beckons Doctor to come and examine it.

DOCTOR feels Patient's head all over, finds nothing, and intimates so.

PATIENT insists, and begs the Doctor to look again.

DOCTOR looks more carefully, shakes his head, then puts his ear to Patient's head, and nods, rubs his hands, and asks Patient by signs if he does not feel a sort of creeping or crawling inside. (*Taps head with hand and then holds up the hand and works the fingers in every direction, like creeping*).

PATIENT repeats the action and nods. That's just the feeling.

DOCTOR directs patient to sit down on the floor, leaves him so, and walks up and down in deep meditation, as if in doubt how to proceed.

PATIENT gets up, touches Doctor on shoulder, and intimates that his pain is going on all the time, and begs Doctor to do something for him.

DOCTOR, as if struck with an idea, seats the patient on the ground again, goes to table, takes brace and bit, and calls his Assistant to hold Patient's head firmly.

ASSISTANT, with alacrity, obeys, and pointing, first at Patient's head and then at the brace and bit, cuts a caper for joy and laughs heartily.

DOCTOR stamps foot with impatience and signs he must be very quiet.

ASSISTANT sobers down at once, and takes hold of Patient's head with both hands.

DOCTOR feels round the Patient's head for a soft place; finds it right on top, and applies the brace, which at first turn, hurts the Patient so much that he jumps up and knocks both of the operators down. They get up slowly, and Patient apologizes, signs to them that the operation hurts dreadfully and he is sorry to have been so hasty.

The three resume former positions, and Doctor repeats operation. After a few turns of the brace, he throws it quickly down and claps his hand on wound; then, apparently feeling inside Patient's head for the cause of all the trouble, with great difficulty pulls out the profile lobster (*which has, during the last part of the operation, been dexterously concealed in shadow of* PATIENT'S *head*). Shows it to Patient.

PATIENT (*astonished*). Asks if that gentle irritant came out of his head.

DOCTOR (*standing upright, with dignity.*) Bows assent.

PATIENT shakes his head, does not believe it, snatches lobster, throws it over light, kicks Doctor and Assistant, and disappears. [*Exit* PATIENT *over light.*

DOCTOR gets up, lifts Assistant on his feet and kicks him off (*over light*). He then seats himself on chair, but has scarcely done so, when another Patient arrives (*jumps over light*).

PATIENT goes through a number of contortions illustrative of extreme uneasiness in his insides, holds stomach with both hands, and tries to vomit.

DOCTOR examines him thoroughly, and then, putting his ear against Patient's breast, inquires if he does not feel something crawling from pit of stomach up to throat and back.

PATIENT nods and passes hand up and down himself, only more quickly than the Doctor did.

DOCTOR takes Patient's head with both hands, and holds it back, at the same time the Patient opens his mouth wide. After looking down his throat for a moment, he puts his hand in Patient's mouth, trying to get hold of something, and at last brings out the end of the tape. (*The tape should have been previously arranged by the side of the* PATIENT'S *neck in such a manner as to allow of its whole length being drawn out and appear to come out of his mouth.*) He succeeds in getting the end out a little way, when it sticks fast, and resists all attempts to draw it further, Doctor then runs to table, fetches his chisel (*pasteboard of course*), and mallet, and, inserting the

chisel in Patient's mouth, seems to drive it down his throat by repeated blows of the mallet.

PATIENT shrinks down under each blow, and evinces terror at the turn the operation is taking.

DOCTOR then, with a great effort, draws chisel out, and finds that he has stretched the inside of Patient's throat enough to allow of the passage of the tape-worm, which now, under the Doctor's skillful manipulation, comes out. (*As soon as the end of tape has well reached the floor, the tape need not be actually moved for some time, the Doctor appearing only to draw on the tape, hand over hand, giving the tape a shake each time; by doing this, the apparent length of the worm will be greatly increased, care only being taken that there is sufficient tape on the floor not to allow of the end being visible any more.*) After a mile or two of tape-worm has been drawn out, the Doctor seems to have to pull harder, and with great care, at last bringing out the end of the tape, with the snake's head on it, which he holds up for the Patient to look at.

PATIENT staggers back, and gazes in astonishment at the little joker which has been extracted from his internals.

DOCTOR having put the tape-worm down, asks him if he feels that running up and down sensation in his stomach any more.

PATIENT repeats the action and shakes his head—feels all right.

DOCTOR bows and asks his pay—signs to Patient that a man came to have his arm cut off (*shows arm*), but didn't pay; another had a tooth pulled out (*shows tooth*), and he forgot to pay; another had lobster on the brain (*shows lobster*), and *he* did not pay. Signifies that this Patient cannot go until he has paid.

PATIENT (*who, during the* DOCTOR'S *recital, has manifested astonishment at the wonderful objects shown him by the* DOCTOR), makes signs that he has no money.

DOCTOR seizes Patient by the collar and beats him. (*The* PATIENT *crying out with pain and making a great noise, stamping with his feet, etc.*) A number of persons, attracted by the

noise, come jumping one after another, in quick succession over light, and hustle Doctor and Patient *off right.* (*These persons should be dressed, one or two in long night-shirts and sugar-loaf night-caps, one in tights, with a hoop-skirt only on, and others as grotesquely as circumstances permit.*) The Patient enters again (*right*), running and jumping off (*over light*), closely followed by the Doctor and the rest of the crowd. When the crowd enters, a cat and a dog may be thrown on stage (*over light*), with excellent effect. [*Exeunt all.*

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THE foregoing Acts and Pantomimes are deemed sufficient to serve as examples of the manner in which the various effects and illusions may be produced on the shadow curtain; and any one, with a moderate degree of ingenuity, and fertility of invention, will be able, from the hints here given, to multiply these effects, and produce an almost endless variety of illusions. As an illustration of this, some of the most effective conjuring tricks may be produced with great success; for instance, a number of objects can be cut out of cardboard, such as birds, animals, kettles, tea-pots, hats, flowers and plants in pots, etc., at least twenty or more of which can be piled flat on the ground without coming above the level of the lower part of the frame of the shadow curtain. If these are lifted up one by one just behind a profile of a port-folio, apparently standing open, with the edges of one side against the curtain, all the amusing effects can be produced of an inexhaustible port-folio. A bird-cage can be easily imitated by using a thin frame and stout twine instead of wires, and last of all, previously opening the port-folio very wide, a full-sized (real) hoopskirt may be presented to the admiring gaze of the astonished audience. All these objects can be thrown over the light, picked

up by an assistant behind, and pushed, one by one, back to the port-folio, by means of a thin slat of wood, kept flat on the ground, and reproduced as often as may be required. Some very amusing effects may be given by using a magic lantern (instead of a lamp or gas flame), placed down on the ground and tilted upwards so as to throw its light entire on the curtain. This, however, produces a round disc of light, and it is necessary to cover all the rest of the curtain with stout paper, or anything that will darken all of it except the disc. This arrangement may be made for the performance of a single appropriate act with good success, but will not do generally as a substitute for the open light.

As already stated, a little ingenuity will accomplish a great deal. Suppose Mr. Cox (in the preceding farce) to put on a profile hat (which can be made of card-board, to fasten on the head with a wire rim on one side of it), and the crown made eighteen inches high; if about a foot of the upper part be rolled up, the hat will appear about six inches high; the remainder can be unrolled, while on the wearer's head, by a stout stick (shorter than the width of the hat), fastened at right angles to a couple of feet of stout wire; this little patent elevator can be concealed at the side of the performer until the moment comes for his hat to grow, it must then be carefully pushed upward, so as to unroll the crown of the hat, and will have a ludicrous effect. Of course Mr. Cox would have to take it off before turning round, as the profile view alone would be effective. The farce of Box and Cox has been arranged to suit the requirements of the shadow curtain, not only with the view of affording a very entertaining feature in the programme of an evening's fun, but also to show the manner in which almost any amusing theatrical piece may be adapted to this kind of entertainment.

It would be well, incidentally, to remark, that for grown-up performers, the curtains should not be less than ten feet high. Where the curtain is much less, smaller performers are requisite.

In conclusion, let nothing be undertaken in which there is the possibility of failure in any of the arrangements, rather attempt little and do it well, than too much and bungle in it. Always bear in mind that the individual *in corpore* is nothing; the shadow everything. Do not be too sure that this little action or that bit of by-play will be all right when the time comes; try it once beforehand, and in all probability the trial will show how imperfect the attempt would have been.

Recollect that *in rehearsal only* can the performer be permitted to look at his own shadow; as during the performance, the profile must be constantly presented to the curtain, a position which will prevent him from witnessing the effect of his actions.

It will take much practice to keep the shadows of two or more performers distinct on the curtain; never allow one shadow to appear to touch another unnecessarily, and avoid, as far as possible, passing one another. If this must happen in the course of the piece, it cannot be done too quickly; the same remark applies to turning round or reversing the profile. Let everything be done as close to the curtain as possible, but never so near as to touch it, and keep the curtain uniformly wet, by sponging it whenever an opportunity occurs.

If these general directions be carefully followed, the performers will not fail to elicit their meed of applause at the

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